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THE

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NARRATIVE

OF

JOHN DOY,

OF

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

"A PLAIN, UNVARNISHED TALE."

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

New York:
THOMAS HOLMAN, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, CORNER CENTRE AND WHITE STS.
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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by

JOHN DOY,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

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PREFACE.

THE author requests the reader to bear constantly in mind that the following work is not intended as a history of Kansas, or of the doings of her pioneer settlers, but that it is simply a very imperfect narrative of the individual experience of one of them.

He disclaims all egotism in thus bringing himself and his family before the public, and assures the reader that, during the troubles of the settlement of Kansas mentioned in the earlier pages, they did not do or suffer more than most, or so much as many of the brave and noble-hearted men and women with whom they stood side by side, and shoulder to shoulder.

NEW YORK, January 1, 1860.

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STATE OF NEW YORK,
City and County of New York.

JOHN DOY, of Lawrence, Kansas Territory, being duly sworn, says that all the statements contained in the work entitled "NARRATIVE OF JOHN DOY, OF LAWRENCE, KANSAS," purporting to be of this deponent's own knowledge, are true; and that all statements therein contained purporting to be on information derived from other persons, he believes to be also true.

JOHN DOY.

Sworn to before me this 7th day of February, 1860,

CHARLES NETTLETON,
Notary Public in the City of New York,
111 Broadway.

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THE

NARRATIVE OF JOHN DOY,

OF LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST FREE STATE EMIGRATION TO KANSAS.

In June, 1854, in consequence of what was published in the newspapers respecting a systematized and combined effort being proposed to settle Kansas with intelligent and industrious citizens from the Northern States, a public meeting was held at the Court House in Rochester, New York, to consider the propriety of sending a delegate to Massachusetts, where the movement originated.

At that meeting I was selected to go to Boston to make the requisite enquiries and obtain all necessary information respecting the plan of going in companies, which the meeting considered as much the preferable method of emigration to a new, unsettled Territory.

I started with a willing heart. Every facility was accorded to me by the officers of the railroads, when informed of my object, and when it was shown to them how greatly the proposed emigration, if carried into effect, would redound to their benefit. They granted me a free pass to go and come, and expressed their willingness to

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make arrangements which would greatly facilitate the movement.

When I reached Boston, full of the subject, I called on various prominent persons, leading movers in this enterprise, and we discussed the matter from every point of view we could think of. Satisfied of the feasibility of the plan, it was agreed that I should go home to Rochester, and there advertise that on a given day the first party of actual settlers would start from Boston for the newly opened Territory of Kansas; would pass through Rochester on the 18th of July, and there take on board the cars and incorporate into their company all persons who might wish to join them.

This first pioneer party was to ascertain if the soil was such as had been represented—fertile, well wooded and well watered, and thus calculated to prove a good agricultural and manufacturing country. If they found this to be the case, they were immediately to advise those who would be waiting for their report, and to make such preparations as might be necessary to receive and locate the body of emigrants who would probably follow them, and who, coming later in the season, would require all the time remaining to secure themselves against suffering in the winter.

Mr. Daniel R. Anthony and I were the only persons who joined the pioneer company at Rochester. The party then numbered twenty-nine, and we went on our way, I making it my business to call and see the presidents of all the railroads on our route, by which we thought it best that the succeeding parties should come, if we found the Territory to be of such a character as we hoped and expected. I met with the same encouragement from the managers of

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the Western railroads as from those of the Eastern, and all promised every facility.

On arriving at St. Louis, we made a bargain with the captain of a steamboat—the *Polar Star*—to take us to Kansas City, Missouri, for twelve dollars a head. Every thing went on well. At Lexington, Missouri, some of us strolled about on shore while the boat wooded, and certain persons, having learned who we were, from the captain or otherwise, informed us that a large party was waiting for us at Kansas City, and would give us a warm reception, of such a character as might induce us to go back. On nearing Kansas City, therefore, our little army of twenty-nine was drawn up in a line on deck, with rifles and revolvers all ready to give a fitting response to the promised warm reception. But we found no one to molest us or make us afraid; consequently, when the boat reached the landing, we quietly went on shore in a body, and attended to our own business; neither did we molest any one.

The next day some of our party went into the country and bought two yoke of oxen and a wagon, of the since notorious McGee, while others hired a four-horse team in Kansas City, agreeing to pay twenty dollars for the use of it into the Territory of Kansas.

Our ox and horse teams were well loaded with our trunks, tents and other baggage, and provisions, and we started, passing through the Shawnee Territory, with which we were all delighted. As soon as we crossed the line of Kansas, our driver said he had come as far as he had agreed, and must have more money, or he would go back. We reasoned with him, however, and he finally consented to go with us as far as the back-bone hills.

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There we paid our driver and were left on the glorious prairie. There we first pitched our tents, and there Lawrence now stands. We had no homes but tents; but, on looking round, we saw plenty of good places to build houses on. We found that we were on a fine site for a town, well watered with springs. By the Kansas River, running near, well skirted with timber, was plenty of excellent sand for mortar; among the noble hills back of us, plenty of stone for lime and for building purposes, and near by a fine bed of clay for bricks—but we also found some logs in the shape of a squatter's cabin on a part of it. The squatter himself stood by and watched our proceedings, and, when we proposed to buy him out, said he had been so much impressed by the business tact shown by the exploring party, that he was sure, if they wanted it, his claim was worth at least five hundred dollars, and he wouldn't take a red cent less. We made a bargain with him, and took possession on the first day August, A. D. 1854.

The following are the names of the original pioneer emigrants to the Territory of Kansas:

Mr. Davenport, lawyer, from Massachusetts.
" Philbrook, mechanic, "
" Conant, " "
" Merriam, " "
" White, " "
" Fowler, farmer, Vermont.
" W. H. Hughes, merchant, Massachusetts.
" Thatcher, sportsman, "
" Jones, farmer, Vermont.

The above left us in 1854, returning to the East.

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Geo. Hughes, ———, from Massachusetts.
Mr. Maley, mechanic, "
" Russell, " "
(These went home in 1855.)
" Harlow, merchant, from Vermont.
" Holman, mechanic, from Massachusetts.
(Both died in Kansas.)
" Dan'l R. Anthony, insurance agent and banker, from Rochester, now in Leavenworth.
" Geo. W. Hutchinson, speculator, from Vermont, now in Lawrence.
" Stephens, mechanic, from Worcester, Mass.
" Augustus Hilpath, laborer, from New York.
" Arthur Gunther, clerk, from Wisconsin, now at Pike's Peak.
" F. Fuller, architect, from Worcester, now in Lawrence.
" Morgan, farmer, from Massachusetts, now in Lawrence.
" Mallory, speculator, from Massachusetts, now in Lawrence.
Dr. Harrington, physician, from Massachusetts, now in Lawrence.
S. F. Tappan, reporter, from Boston, Mass., now in Lawrence.
J. C. Archibald, builder and farmer, from Massachusetts, now in Lawrence.
Dr. John Doy, physician, from Rochester, N. Y., now in Lawrence.

The rest turned out spies, spungers, or worse.

Farms were taken near the town site. I put up the

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first logs for a cabin on the hill where now the city of Lawrence stands. After we had decided to build a town there, my cabin being on the site, the second party of emigrants came, and offered to give to each of us who remained of the pioneer party thirteen city lots each, in addition to being equal with them, provided we would admit them to our association. We agreed. They took down my log-house, and then gave us only one lot apiece extra. Thus we were for the first time cheated in Kansas. We were outvoted by the second party, and had no redress; but I still hold the books containing the original award signed by their authorized agents.

I went out and selected a beautiful farm of one hundred and sixty acres, with a stream, timbered on each side, running through it, about a mile and a half from Lawrence; there I built my second log-house, and thither, in October, 1854, three months after me, came my family, consisting of my wife and nine children—six sons and three daughters — the eldest then about twenty-one, and the youngest two years old. There, and for a short period in a house I built on one of the city lots assigned to me, we have lived through all the troubles in Kansas and our own heavy trials and losses by invasions, robberies and deaths.

In the Spring of 1855 my claim was jumped, and a fellow put on to it by a notorious ruffian called Alphabetical or Doctor J. N. O. P. Wood, who has filled almost every office in the gift of the modern Democratic party of Kansas, and who, I think, is now an assistant constable and fugitive-slave hunter at Lecompton. It cost me a good deal of money (to raise which I had to mortgage my farm) and some fighting, to keep my title good, but the farm has been final-

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ly awarded to me by the Land Offices at Lecompton and Washington, I proving that I lived there before my opponent came to Kansas.

My eldest son and Samuel F. Tappan, who selected farms on each side of mine, have not been so fortunate.

My son built his house, but the Border Ruffians tore that down and used the materials to build another. He hauled on the timber for a second, but his claim having been jumped by a man from Missouri, who, with his own and his wife's brothers, some ten or twelve in number, were too strong for us, they took away the timber and threw it on to my farm, and by force prevented my son from cultivating and improving his land, and thus securing his claim. As the intruders are all good modern or Pro-Slavery Democrats, and my son a determined Free-Soiler, I have no doubt they will win the day.

Sam. Tappan lived in a tent, and got together materials to build a house on his claim; they also were burned in the Fall of 1854. He then built a frame house, and finished it so far that he lived in it, though his means were pretty much used up by the fire. But a rich man came from Georgia in 1855, jumped his claim, and built quite a nice house on it, notwithstanding my remonstrances and those of the neighbors. In answer to our representations, the new comer denied that he was on Tappan's land, but said that if the survey proved him to be so he would remove his house. The survey did prove him to be so, and he then maintained that his claim was better than Tappan's. The claim is now worth from eight to ten thousand dollars, and this intruder will probably prevail for the

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same reason that the other will. In such cases there will be manifest injustice done to both of the first settlers.

The Eastern reader may need to be informed that under the preëmption law of Kansas Territory, a man who squats or settles upon unsurveyed land and improves it, is entitled to take that lot of land, not exceeding one hundred and sixty acres, at the government price, whenever it is surveyed and brought into the market. But he must prove his continued improvement, as well as his first and continued occupancy of the land, to get it.

"Jumping a claim" is a technical term applied when a second comer squats upon land already occupied. Before the surveys are made, it is impossible to determine where the lines will run, and hence difficulties as to title often occur between honest men of equally good faith. Where the first squatter is poor and the second rich or surrounded by troops of friends, the latter may prevent the former from improving a disputed claim, and thus perfecting his title.

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CHAPTER II.

THE TROUBLES IN KANSAS.

But these were private personal troubles, though they tend to show the trials under which the Free State men of Kansas labored, and how many of them were driven away and impoverished after they had spent, as we had, years and perhaps all their money, in securing, as they thought, homes for themselves and their families.

But a time came when jumping claims and pulling down and burning houses were not sufficient to dispossess us. Many of the Free State farmers were obstinate and would not be driven off; they knew their rights and would maintain them. Lawrence was a city of refuge to which the oppressed could and did flee, and a stronghold where they could make a stand against invaders. The Free State farmers must be driven out, Lawrence must be destroyed, in order that slavery might be imposed on Kansas.

My own industry had prospered. The climate and soil were propitious, and gave full returns. My farm was well suited for stock, and I had on it quite a herd of fine brood mares and fillies, with a large number of short horned cattle and other stock. We lived happily and comfortably, and being a small garrison in ourselves, felt that we could defend our home against a few marauders. Notwithstand-

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ing such annoyances as that mentioned with regard to my son's claim, we were thankful for our lot.

But more serious troubles began, and we had a foretaste of what was to come, in the Winter of 1855, when fifteen hundred Missourians encamped on the Wakarussa River, six miles from Lawrence, pretending to Gov. Shannon that they meant to destroy it. Then every Free State man had to be on the alert, and as a scout I then rode a horse, worth one hundred and twenty-five dollars, to death.

On the night of May 21, 1856, when Lawrence was sacked, hotels burned, and printing presses thrown into the river, my beautiful brood mares and other animals were stolen by the invaders, my growing corn and wheat trampled down and ruined, and we were left without the means to cultivate our crops. On the next day, twenty-eight men tied their horses to my fence, came to the house and asked me :

"Are you from the East?"

"Yes."

"Then you're a damned abolitionist?"

"Of course."

Without more words, they cleaned out my house of every thing they wanted, either there or at home ; and this was a sample of their usual manner of proceeding towards the Free State settlers.

One night we were awakened by a great light, and saw six houses burning, while the Border Ruffians brought in by Col. Titus and Col. Buford (augmented by two companies of Virginians from Harper's Ferry and Culpeper county, under the command of Capt. Sherrod, who was afterwards shot dead at the Geary meeting, in Lecompton) to force

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slavery upon us, were laughing at and insulting the women and children as they ran from their burning homes in their night clothes. Men were murdered, women and girls were violated, and the invading mob treated the Free State people of Kansas as if they were conquered slaves, and utterly devoid of human rights. Our appeals to the United States officials, and to Washington, were in vain. We were laughed at, and our oppressors aided. Armed with weapons from the government arsenal at Liberty, Missouri, they hoped soon to drive us away, and to deprive us of all claim to our common heritage; to fix the blighting curse of slavery upon the soil of Kansas, and a padlock upon the lips of every man who wished to be free. *(See Appendix A.)*

The United States Government, which should have protected us, looked on applaudingly (*Appendix B*). We were quiet, peaceful, industrious citizens, and wished to remain so, but we would not consent to bring up our children on land cursed by the toil of slaves. This was the only condition on which we could hope for peace.

There was one other way, however, and that we determined to adopt. We could, and we would, conquer a peace. We could endure the present state of things no longer. We felt that they would go from bad to worse, and we swore to treat the invaders as noxious vermin; we would drive them out or die. We formed ourselves into companies, we drilled, we made oath to stand by each other and by freedom for Kansas until death.

On the 12th of August, 1856, we took the field with our Sharpe's rifles, and went to Franklin after a party of these marauding ruffians. We found them in a well-fortified

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log-house, and commenced the attack; but, after losing Mr. Sacket, of Detroit, belonging to the brave and patriotic "Coal Creek" Company from the region south of Lawrence, who was shot dead, and having five of our own noble "Lawrence Stubbs" severely wounded, we drew off, and brought up a load of hay, which we pushed against the log-house and set fire to. This soon smoked them out, and we retook our cannon, and the arms and provisions they had stolen from our wagons as they came to Lawrence. That cannon the U. S. troops had taken from us, and given to them.

On the evening of the 13th of August we again took up our line of march, and traveled all night till, weary and tired, we reached the claim of Dr. Macey, from Ohio, near Washington Creek Fort, where the murderers of Major Hoyt, of Massachusetts, were ensconced. Here thirty of us went to reconnoitre, while the rest prepared dinner. We found the enemy apparently well armed and fully ready. Returning to our companions, we ate our dinner, which refreshed us and gave us new strength. Then we marched towards the fort, followed by a load of hay. We did not have to set it on fire however, for they had heard of our former exploit, and fled at once. They left their guns, their clothing, and their dinner on the tables. The famous flag, with the North Carolina star, and the names of Mrs. Tully and Mrs. Hull embroidered on it, we found hid in a field of corn, with a large trunk of clothing. Some of our boys put on the white shirts outside their clothes, and looked like the Crusaders of old, wanting only the cross.

On the 14th we went from that place to Fort Titus. There the hero, Capt. Shombre, of Indiana, was shot, and

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died shortly after, and Mr. White, a true man from Missouri, lost an arm. But we took Col. Titus from under a bed—where, I suppose, the brave man got that he might not injure us,—with sixteen of his men. Returning to Lawrence, we exchanged the men for some of our own, held prisoners at Lecompton by the U. S. troops; but Col. Titus, whose life we saved with difficulty from the just indignation of the people, as he had been the cause of many murders, burnings, robberies, etc., we considered worth so much old metal, and traded him off for a cannon, or howitzer, which had been sent to us as a present, but had got into possession of the troops. The other cannon spoken of was one we had taken from the enemy.

On the night of the 29th of August an express-man came round, with his horse panting and all covered with mud and foam, to notify the minute-men that a company of volunteers was to leave Lawrence for Osawatomie at a given hour, as Gen. Reed, of Missouri, was marching upon the latter place with three hundred men.

My eldest son and I jumped out of bed; my wife and two eldest daughters did the same. The girls loaded and capped our rifles and pistols, while the wife and mother buckled on our belts, put food into our pockets, and saw that we were fully prepared for what we all felt was to be a terrible fight, and perhaps a decisive action.

As we were leaving the house, the tears began to trickle down my wife's cheeks, and she said: "I can hardly expect to see both, or either of you, back again, and if you fall, what is to become of these?" pointing to the children, some of whom were still fast asleep. Then raising her streaming eyes to heaven, she continued: "But, if the

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holy cause of liberty demands our blood, give it freely, and we will trust in the Providence that feeds the sparrows." Just then my eldest daughter made her appearance, clad in her brother's "Stubbs'" dress, rifle in hand, and insisted on accompanying us. It was only by urgent expostulations and remonstrances at leaving mother and the younger children so unprotected and unprovided for, that we could prevail on her to remain.

At that battle of Osawatomie, which was fought on the 30th of August, 1856, there were fifteen of our men, including Captain Cline, Ben. Golliday, now an editor at Fox Lake, Wisconsin, and Jim Henderson, while that noble old hero, John Brown, who was the master-spirit of the party, had about fifteen of his own company; making thirty in all.

We had Sharpe's rifles, and a good cover of trees to work in, from which the enemy tried in vain to dislodge us, so long as our ammunition lasted. We killed and wounded wagon-loads of them—as we learned afterwards from one of their own men, they had twenty-seven killed and thirty-two wounded—while on our side we had but one slightly wounded.

It was sharp work; but at last our ammunition was exhausted, our cartridges gave out, and we had to retreat and swim the Marais des Cygnes River. Mr. Partridge and Mr. Power were shot dead in the water, but the enemy did not pursue, and those of us who were left, reached our homes in safety, but well nigh exhausted.

After our retreat, as there was no longer any hindrance to the advance of the ruffians, they entered the town, pillaged and burned it.

Though we had to leave the field to the enemy, that bat-

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tle of Osawatomie did more to break their courage than any previous action of the war, as, beside their losses being so heavy, it convinced them of the determined spirit of the freemen of Kansas, and that it would cost an immense expenditure of blood and treasure to drive us from our soil.

I need not multiply accounts of the various affairs in which we were engaged; it is enough to say that, from the time we took up arms, till the close of the war or troubles, I was out with my son and the brave volunteer companies, whenever it was thought that nothing but the driving process would answer.

The last serious invasion was on the 14th September, when twenty-eight hundred Missourians marched upon Lawrence; but their advance guard of three hundred was repulsed by thirty-nine Free State men. On the next day, Gov. Geary went to the invading army, and they retired.

Of course our private affairs suffered severely from neglect during all this time. We could raise little or nothing. What stock I had obtained after my farm was plundered often came up missing, and my family frequently suffered from hunger, being absolutely in want of necessaries. We were obliged to sustain life on the green corn and squashes gathered from the fields, having no other food, and two of our sons,* one of whom had been wounded, died of disease produced by this unwholesome diet.

There was no remedy, but one we would not and could not adopt: submission to the invaders; and we kept up our spirits as well as we could, with the hope of the good time

* Two sons having been born to us in Kansas, our number remains the same

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coming, when our troubles would be at an end, and we could sit in peace under our own vine and fig-tree.

During these troubles, the women and children made cartridges for our rifles, and saw that we were properly fitted for every expedition. The war-spirit was as rife among them as among the men. Many a woman stood, rifle in hand; by the side of her father, husband, or brother, to resist the invaders; and many a marauder fell by the ball from a rifle fired by a woman's hand. The women of Kansas are worthy to be classed with those of 1776; for they showed that they were equal to the emergency, and that the blood of brave mothers still flowed in the veins of equally brave daughters.

On one occasion, when one of our Lawrence boys was confined as a prisoner in Lecompton, then a hot-bed of pro-slavery, his sister took horse, buggy, and revolver, and drove thither to rescue him. Leaving the horse in a grove of trees at a short distance East of the town, she went in and obtained permission to see him. After they had talked awhile together, he was allowed to walk a little ways from the door with her—the prisoners being then kept in dwelling houses. When the coast appeared clear, they hurried to the buggy, jumped in and put the horse to his speed. After driving about two miles, they were overtaken by the marshal and two others, who rode ahead and stopped them; but the girl, producing her revolver, told the marshal that if he detained them he was a dead man, and he, knowing the accuracy of her aim,* went back and never molested the young man again.

* This same girl, at a pistol shooting match on New Year's day, 1858, took the first prize the first time round, at fifteen paces; and the second prize the second time round, against numerous competitors.

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To the honor of the Kansas mothers, wives, and daughters be it said, that to them as much as to the men, the freedom of their country is due. The men, anxious for the safety of the dear ones dependent upon them, and sometimes dispirited by the gloomy aspect of the political horizon, might have given way, had they not been cheered and encouraged by the pious cheerfulness and perseverance of the women, whose lot was so much harder to bear than their own: it being much easier to meet the enemy in battle, amid all the excitement of a fight, than to sit at home waiting in anxious suspense for news, which might bring tidings of the death of those whom they loved, and upon whom their little ones depended for food.

After the troubles were over, and comparative quiet restored, I returned to the practice of my profession, and to the cultivation of my farm by such means as I could command; but we had all been stripped pretty bare by the Border Ruffians, and it will be the work of years to recover the position we held before the invasion.

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CHAPTER III.

THE COLORED PEOPLE IN LAWRENCE.

During the Winter of 1858–9, several attempts were made by a gang of unprincipled fellows, living in and around Lawrence and Lecompton, to kidnap a number of colored persons from the city of Lawrence and its neighborhood, with the intention of selling them into slavery in Missouri.

The first attempt discovered, was made upon one Charles Fisher, a light mulatto, who kept a barber's shop in Lawrence. He was seized and put in a carriage; jumping out was chased and shot at, but managed to evade the ruffians. On the next evening, another colored man, William Riley, was seized and carried off; but he, also, succeeded in escaping from the room in which he was bound and confined, in the house of a man named Corel, about two miles from Lawrence, and got back to that "city of refuge."

Much feeling was excited among the citizens by these attempts, and two men named Fry and Goss, the former an old resident of Lawrence, the latter a stranger, were arrested and examined before a Justice of the Peace, upon the charge of kidnapping. Sufficient proof of their complicity was shown, to cause them to be committed to answer at the U. S. District Court, but they were released under a writ of *habeas corpus*, issued by Judge Elmore, an

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appointee of the Administration, and the largest slaveholder in Kansas. This was in October, 1858.

Charles Fisher, the mulatto barber, had lived two years in the Territory, most of the time in Leavenworth, claiming always to be a free man. His rights as such had never been questioned, nor was he claimed as a fugitive, but the whole affair was a bare-faced outrage, undertaken solely for the purposes of gain, and indicative of that utter disregard of human rights which is engendered by the peculiar institution.

During that Autumn and Winter, the attempts at kidnapping became more and more frequent, and were sometimes successful. At last the colored people in Lawrence, finding themselves in constant danger, applied to the citizens for protection. In consequence of this application, a meeting was held in the Court House, on or about the 18th of January, 1859, to take the matter into consideration. As no adequate protection against the insidious attempts of the kidnappers could be assured to the colored people if they remained in Lawrence, a removal to Iowa was agreed upon, and some money raised to defray the expenses.

I was solicited to convey these people as far as Holton, in Calhoun county, as I had just returned from a tour through that section of Kansas, and, being well acquainted with the roads and the people along the route, was considered the person best fitted for the task. Holton is on the direct northern route travelled by the Free State emigrants in 1856.

I complied with the request, and agreed to undertake the trip with my own wagon and horses, to be driven by

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my eldest son Charles, then twenty-five years of age. As my wagon would not contain all the passengers, another wagon and pair of horses were obtained, and Mr. Clough, a young man who lived near Lawrence, engaged to drive them. All necessary preparations were made for the journey; beds, bedding, camp utensils, provisions and some arms were packed in the wagons, for the convenience of camping out, and for defence. The passengers were eight men, three women, and two children. All the adults, except two, showed my son their free papers. All had them except those two, whom we knew to be free men: one, Wilson Hays, from Cincinnati, Ohio; the other, Charles Smith, from Brownsville, Penn. They had both been employed as cooks, at the Eldridge House, in Lawrence. Our entire party numbered sixteen.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE JOURNEY AND CAPTURE.

We started early in the morning of the 25th of January, I being on horseback, and the men walking behind the wagons, which contained the stores with the women and children; crossed the Kansas river at Lawrence, and travelled through the Delaware Reservation towards Oscaloosa. When about twelve miles from Lawrence, and eight from Oscaloosa, having ascertained, as I supposed, that the road was clear, I requested the men to get into the wagons, as we had quite a long descent before us, and would go down it at a brisk pace. They did so, and then, excepting myself, all the party were in the wagons, which were covered and thus effectually prevented them from seeing what occurred immediately afterwards, and from defending themselves.

At the bottom of the hill, on the right of the road, is a bluff; from behind this, as we turned it, came out a body of some twenty, or more, armed and mounted men. Eleven of them approached with levelled rifles and ordered us to halt; they keeping, however, at a safe distance from our revolvers. My son, with Wilson Hays, the colored man from Cincinnati, sprang out of my wagon, which was ahead, and shouted: "Father, we're stopped! Shall we shoot?"

Dismounting, I ran round to the off side of the wagon,

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telling them to hold on till I ascertained who the men were and what they wanted. As I advanced towards the latter, demanding their business, some of them cried out, "Shoot him! shoot him!" and aimed their guns at me. I told them to shoot me if they wanted to, but not to fire at the wagons, as there were women and children in them.

I felt perfectly reckless, seeing that we were overpowered, and that, hampered as the party were in the wagons, we could do nothing, while I anticipated the fate in store for our poor passengers; for I recognized five of the assailants: two young men named M'Gee, living near Franklin; a fellow named Whitley, living in Lawrence; Dr. Garvin, the modern Democratic post-master of that city; and a notorious ruffian and kidnapper, Jake Hurd, who lived about four miles from Lecompton. These were all Northern men by birth, the first two being from Illinois, Whitley from Ohio, Hurd from Pennsylvania, and Garvin from Indiana or Illinois. *(Appendix C.)*

I spoke to these men separately, asking if they had any process against us, that they stopped us thus on the highway. The only replies were oaths, threats, and revolvers thrust in my face.

Turning to Whitley I said, "What? You here, Whitley? a Free State man! Where's your process?"

"Here it is," the brute replied, putting the muzzle of his revolver to my head.

"You will have to pay for this," was my answer.

I then asked the others if they had any papers to show that any of the colored people were claimed as slaves, or if their professed owners were present. The only replies were bitter denunciations of "nigger thieves," and finally

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an offer of five hundred dollars, from a man who was a stranger to me, if I would drive the colored people to the Rialto Ferry, on the Missouri River, opposite Weston.

I told him that no team of mine should ever be used to carry a human being into slavery with my consent.

"You shall go anyhow, d—n you. We don't mean to let you go back and bring an infernal gang of G—d d—d abolitionists on us."

"That's your business," said I. "I should not go if I could help it."

A portion of the party then dismounted and went towards the wagons, the rest keeping their rifles leveled upon us. The men and women were ordered out and tied, one by one, as they descended from the wagons.

My son had a gun in his hands which he discharged into the air, finding that resistance was useless. At the same moment Jake Hurd came near shooting himself as he tried to draw a gun out of the wagon. The hammer caught in some bedding, and the contents of the barrel passed between his arm and body.

"I wish to the Lord it had shot you through the heart, Jake!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

Hurd foamed out, "I'll shoot you, G—d d—n you."

"Do so," I replied, "and I'll give you the best horse I own."

After the colored people were all secured, three of the gang seized me and attempted to tie my arms behind my back, but seeing that my son's arms were already tied, I broke away from them and went up to Hurd, asking him to loose him. He would not, and I untied the rope myself. Hurd threatened to shoot me, but I paid no attention to his threats.

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Finding that we valued life cheaper than they had supposed, they consented that Charles and I should go unbound, provided we would go quietly, urging at the same time the necessity of keeping us till they were beyond the reach of pursuit, and promising that, when we reached the Rialto Ferry, our property should be restored to us and we be free to return, with good pay for our time and trouble if we would accept it. Of course we had no choice but to submit.

Shortly afterwards, seeing the two colored men before named with their arms tied, I proceeded to loose them also, telling the kidnappers that I knew they were free men.

Our captors were much enraged by our reckless acts and speech, and held a consultation as to what should be done with us. Jake Hurd and the M'Gees advised our murder, saying, "Dead men tell no tales." Others advised a hasty retreat, as they thought that an armed escort might be expected from Lawrence. This startled them; I was ordered to get on my horse, the rest were hurried into the wagons; then, with a man on each side whipping the teams, we drove furiously towards Leavenworth.

When about twenty miles from that point, a wheel of the hired wagon gave way, and it broke down. All the clothing, provisions, etc., were at once thrown out of my wagon, and the people were crowded into it. On my remonstrating with our captors at their thus leaving my property on the prairie, they promised that two men should stay behind, pack the goods into the broken wagon, hire a team, and bring the whole after us. With this I was forced to be content. The horses belonging to the broken wagon were then hitched to the other, and, putting in their own drivers, the

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kidnappers hurried on towards Leavenworth. Shortly after, I saw the two men, said to have been left, riding with the party. In answer to my enquiries, they said they had hired an ox-team to bring my things to the city.

We passed near the village of Easton, on the Big Stranger. There were several men at work on a bridge over the stream, who gazed at us in amazement as we swept by at full gallop. Well might they stare at us, for such a band of armed marauders had not been seen in our region since the bloody days of '56. I tried to fall behind the party with the intention of speaking to the men, but the ruffians closed around me in such a manner as to prevent my succeeding.

Night came on when we were about two miles from Leavenworth. As we were going down a steep descent, from what I supposed to be Pilot-Knob, the tongue of the wagon broke, and the party were brought to a stand. With many oaths and threats, the captives were immediately ordered out of the wagon, and, surrounded by the gang, we were driven into the bushes near the road. Here we were kept till near midnight, while some of the party went to the city to procure another wagon.

Our captors were quite anxious while we were thus secreted. They kept a sentinel on the road, and every time we spoke above a whisper, would threaten to shoot us. Charles and I spoke out aloud several times, nevertheless, in hopes of attracting the attention of any passers-by, or of creating a disturbance which might lead to our discovery and rescue.

It was a bitter, cold night. I do not remember ever to

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have suffered more from the weather than during those dreary hours by the road-side.

The sufferings, both physical and mental, of the poor trembling creatures around us, no words can describe. The chill wintry blast penetrated their thin clothing, and there seemed to be nothing between them and a life-long slavery. All hope must have been dead in their souls.

Even now I can hear the sobbing ejaculations of the poor mother, as she tried to hush the wails of her half-clad babes. In spite of the commands of the ruffians not to stir, I jumped up, tore off the wagon-cover, and gave it to her to wrap around her children.

The memory of that night will never be effaced from my mind.

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CHAPTER V.

TO THE RIALTO FERRY.

About midnight, the emissaries returned from Leavenworth with a wagon which they had hired of a man named Ashbury, a gray headed old ruffian, who boasted of having often assisted in similar expeditions on a smaller scale. He kept a sort of livery stable in the city, and drove the wagon himself. My wagon was left by the road-side—neither it nor my goods have ever been recovered. I was separated from the rest of my party, and, surrounded by the mounted kidnappers, we passed through the outskirts of the city. All this time they kept repeating the promises previously made, that, on arrival at the ferry, my wagon, horses, and goods should be restored to me, and we three white men be set at liberty.

We soon arrived at the Rialto Ferry, opposite Weston, Missouri. Here a bonfire was blazing on the shore, and our captors were greeted by a large number of armed and mounted Missourians, who were evidently expecting our arrival. Among them I saw the stranger who had offered me five hundred dollars to drive to this point, at the time of our capture. I had missed him since the breaking down of the hired wagon, some twenty miles back. He was one of the three men who had attempted to tie my arms when first taken ; the others being the marshal of Weston, Field-

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ing H. Lewis, and Martin Reilley, a citizen of the same place; the latter reputed to be very wealthy. I shall never forget the brutal look that Reilley gave me when I told him on that occasion, that if we had six Lawrence boys there, we would clear them all out.

To return to the Ferry: They ordered us white men to go on board the steamer; which, jumping off my horse, I decidedly refused to do, at the same time calling on them to redeem their promises. The new comers were very violent in their threats and denunciations, levelling their guns, and in other ways endeavoring to induce us to go on board the boat, which, with steam up, was waiting to convey thirteen human beings into bondage. We still steadily refused to go, when the man before mentioned, who had offered me the five hundred dollars, and after attempting to tie my hands, had gone on ahead, stepped up to me and said:

"Now, Doctor, if you will go quietly, I, who am the mayor of Weston, pledge you my word and honor as a gentleman, that you shall be well treated, have a good room, and in the morning you shall have your liberty, and your property shall be returned to you."

I turned to a person on the boat, a stranger to me, and pointing to the last speaker, asked him who that man was.

He replied: "Benjamin Wood, the mayor of Weston, a gentleman of property and standing."

I then said to Mr. Wood: "For once, I will trust to the word and honor of a Missouri gentleman," and led my mare on board. The boat then put off. Young Clough, Charles and I, went up into the cabin, and when there, I told them what Mr. Wood had promised. One of the guards overhearing

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me, with a villanous leer cried out: "Yes! by G—d! we'll give you a good room! We'll take d——d good care of you!"

The expression and words clearly indicated to our minds the worth of the "word and honor" of the mayor of Weston. As we neared the Missouri bank, we saw a large crowd waiting for us. We heard their shouts and imprecations, and felt that we should soon be placed at the mercy of a Missouri mob. I had lived in Kansas since August, 1854, and from the experience and records of the past, knew well what we had to expect.

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CHAPTER VI.

LANDING AT WESTON—A MISSOURI MOB.

As we landed, we were greeted by the most unearthly conceivable yelling and swearing. The firing of guns and pistols, the ringing of bells, and the hideous combination of other noises, made it appear as if all the evil spirits had been let loose at once. I doubt if they could exhibit more malignity in gloating over their victims, than did those howling ruffians in the streets of Weston, over the captives who had fallen into their power.

The colored people, with Charles and Clough, were again put into the wagon, and I was forced to mount my horse, amid the yells and execrations of the infuriated mob. Our captors surrounded us, and thus attended, we were paraded through the town for the space of an hour, which seemed much longer to us.

As we went on, the shouts rang up fierce and loud; the crowd pressed upon me as I sat on my horse; my coat was nearly torn from my back; the skirts and sleeves were rent in pieces, and divided among the mob as relics of a "live abolitionist." Thus pushed and mauled, struck and insulted, with every indignity that can be conceived offered to our persons, amid cries of "Hang him! Hang him! Hang the d——d nigger-thief! Burn the c——d abolitionist!" and so on, we were made to take part in this fit triumphal ovation to the cruel and bloody demon of SLAVERY!

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After having gratified their malice in this manner, our captors stopped at the door of a frame building, known as Lawson's law office, and we were ordered to go in. As I entered, some one standing in the doorway seized me by the beard, and beat my head against the wall. With blows and threats we were violently pushed into a bare room, and told that it was our quarters for the rest of the night. The passage and room were crowded with the ruffians. The room appeared to be a justice's court, and the upper part, separated by a bar from the rest, was assigned to us.

While we were there, a burly man, with Border Ruffian stamped on his face, came in with a lighted candle, and, seizing me by the arm, looked me over from head to foot in the most provoking and insulting manner. My blood boiled at this insult, and, unable to bear any more, I shook him off, asking him at the same time if he considered himself an American citizen when he treated a man in that manner. Thereupon he flew into a terrible passion, pouring out all the filthy vituperation that is found nowhere else in such variety as in the vocabulary of a Platte County Ruffian, and demanded to know how I dared speak to a white man except in answer to questions, being a d——d nigger-thief. I called to the constables to take him away, or there would be mischief done.

This person I afterwards found to be a well known ruffian, by name Jim Murphy, a brother of the man who was mayor of Leavenworth during the troubles of '56, when Border Ruffianism ruled. He was driven out of that city by the Free State people in the Fall of '57.

We had scarcely got rid of one ruffian when another appeared: a young man, with a light in one hand and a

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revolver in the other. Shortly he began to push my son round, shaking the revolver in his face, and crying, "By G—d! you've got to die this night and by this revolver!"

The light began to flash from Charles's eyes and the angry flush to deepen on his cheek, and I, knowing my son's disposition, appealed to the officers to take away the insulting ruffian, if they wished to prevent bloodshed.

I felt that any forcible resistance on our part would probably furnish a desired pretext for our death by the hands of the mob; and though we might hold our lives cheap in a good cause, we had no wish to throw them away without benefit to any one.

After much entreaty, I succeeded in obtaining some water for our party, but could get nothing else, though we were almost famished; none of us having tasted food since the morning before, the provisions laid in at Lawrence for the passengers having been consumed by the kidnappers.

Finally the crowd departed, escorting our captors to a supper, which had been got up in honor of the exploit by which they had rendered themselves infamous, while we were left to get such sleep as we might upon the bare floor, without beds or covering of any description. Our rest was not very refreshing, as may be imagined, nor our thoughts of a hopeful character.

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CHAPTER VII.

EXAMINATION AT WESTON, AND COMMITTAL.

At an early hour in the morning we were roused from our uneasy slumbers by men who came in and searched us. They took from me some papers, my pocket-book, which contained sixty-eight dollars and a half, and some loose silver change. We were then taken out, handcuffed in pairs, and marched through the streets to the International Hotel, for breakfast, as we were told—a welcome word to men who had not eaten for twenty-four hours. Of course we were attended through the streets by a yelping crowd of rowdies.

At the hotel, we were placed in a room with glass doors, in order that the curiosity of the people might thus be gratified. Hundreds of persons came and peered through the windows of the room to look at us. In a short time the colored people were taken down to breakfast, and at last we were called. On entering the dining-room we found them seated at table; we took our places at another, which was not spread. Presently the landlord came to me and said, "Doctor, your breakfast is ready for you there," pointing to the table at which the colored people were eating.

"Thank you," I replied, "I am not in the habit of eating with colored people."

"Why," said he, "a man that will steal a nigger is none too good to eat with niggers."

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"That may be," was my answer; "but, though I have no kind of objection to eating with those poor creatures, it is not my custom, and I don't intend to do it on the present occasion."

"Then you get no breakfast."

"Very well," said I.

Finally, however, overcome by our determination and the good humor with which we bore the threatened privation, he brought us some coffee, with biscuit and butter, and we probably gained some respect from the crowd around, which was the sole cause of our refusal to sit at the other table.

After eating, we were again marched into the streets. Our reception there was even more demoniacal than on the previous night. Everybody seemed to be out; and oaths, yells, and insults, with cries of "Give 'em hemp!" "The rope is ready!" accompanied us to the Court House, whither we were carried for examination.

There we were taken into a large unfinished room, filled to overflowing with the unwashed and unterrified Democracy of Weston. It was a rough room, with bare brick walls, and open rafters overhead, from which hung down, directly above where we were placed, three new ropes with a hangman's knot at the end of each. The prospect at this moment would certainly have been alarming to a nervous man, or to any one who had not had our five years experience in Kansas. The fierce faces, rough and dirty, with the inevitable pipe, or tobacco saliva, marking the corners of the mouth, that glowered savagely upon us; the significant ropes that dangled above our heads, and the open, fiercely uttered threats which filled the hall, inter-

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spersed with the strangest oaths that ears ever listened to, suggested all the horrors of mobocratic violence.

The Justice of the Peace who, assisted by another, a Mr. Heriot, acted as examining magistrate, was named Coleman. He was the proprietor of the hotel where we had breakfasted: a tall, elderly man with gray hair, and a face and eyes that looked as if all the milk of human kindness he ever possessed had long since soured. On seeing the ropes displayed on the rafters, I went directly up to him, and as an American citizen, claimed his protection from violence.

"I will do what I can," was the reply; "but you know I can't do anything."

"I didn't think you could," I said, and fell back; for I knew how much easier it is to excite a mob than to quell one, and I had no doubt of the intention of the Weston people to hang us.

When Mr. Coleman announced that he was ready to proceed with the examination, we objected on the ground of not knowing any one in Missouri, and of having no counsel or witnesses. He said there were plenty of lawyers in court, and looking round, called on a Mr. Gamble; when a pert young man came forward with an important air, and arms akimbo, and told me that he would act as our counsel.

"Is this the best you can do for us?" I asked of the Judge; and on receiving an affirmative answer, said, "Perhaps he will do;" and then, turning to the young lawyer, informed him that, as the kidnappers had robbed me of all my money, I had none to give him; but if he would do his best, he should receive our heartfelt thanks.

"I work for pay," said lawyer Gamble.

"In that case you won't do for us," I replied; "for we have no money," and he sneaked back among the crowd.

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Just then, two of the Border Ruffians went up and whispered to the magistrate, who asked me how Clough came to be in our company. I replied, that he had been employed by the citizens of Lawrence to drive the hired wagon. He was then taken away, and I did not see him again until I got back to Lawrence. He had not been handcuffed or maltreated as my son and I had been, but was very much alarmed at sight of the ropes overhead. We understood that he was to be set at liberty. I afterwards learned that my three horses, with his own two, were given up to him, and that he conveyed them to Lawrence. His arrival there was the first intimation my family had of our danger.

My son and I alone remaining, the court proceeded with its farcical mockery of justice, and Fielding H. Lewis, marshal of Weston, and Martin Reilley, were called to the witness-stand. Their testimony related solely to the capture and subsequent events. The mayor of Weston did not make his appearance, nor did I see him after landing from the ferry-boat; probably the Missouri gentleman did not wish to be reminded of the word and honor he had so freely and voluntarily pledged the night before.

After the witnesses mentioned had given their testimony, the magistrate told us that, if we had any statement to make, we could make it then. I asked for pen, ink and paper, which were furnished to me, and I drew up the following protest:

"We, the undersigned, citizens of Kansas, do hereby protest against every step taken thus far by the State of Missouri in this case, on behalf of the people of Kansas, whose laws have been infamously violated and trampled upon.

"JOHN DOY,
"CHARLES F. DOY."

This I handed to the magistrate, who, without paying any

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attention to it, made out our committal to Platte City jail to await our trial, on the charge of abducting slaves.

At this time I thought, as did my son, that our hour had come, and that two of the hangman's nooses above our heads would not long remain empty. It was evident, from the muttered threats of the crowd, that violence would be attempted; while from the windows we could see the streets, through which we should have to pass, filled with an excited mob, whose cries and shouts rent the air. We were both ready to meet our expected fate like men, but, to leave no stone unturned, I again addressed the magistrates, and demanded their protection. They were evidently alarmed for the result, and, after a short consultation, we were hastily taken out by a side door, down the stairs into a deserted back street, and hurried into a little filthy calaboose. While there, I said to the marshal, "Lewis, I had rather have been hung by the mob than treated in this manner." "Ah!" he replied; "we don't mean to let the abolitionists make capital out of our hanging you." About dark, when the streets were empty, we were taken to the hotel, where we were carried into the attic, handcuffed, and a guard set over us; the colored people being already there, in another part of it.

While we lay thus chained in that dismal garret, we were infamously abused. Drunken ruffians continually came in to look at, and gratify their malice on, the live abolitionists, as they called us. Some kicked us in the body as we lay on the floor; some, more brutal, in the face. At last my son, goaded to frenzy by the continued insult and abuse, jumped up, and lifting his shackled hands above his head, his face being covered with blood from the blows

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he had received, exclaimed, "You think you can cheaply insult and even overpower a fettered man, but you can *never, never* subdue me," and using his chains as a weapon, he drove them all out, clearing the room.

It was a sight to behold: two American citizens, kidnapped from our own soil, unconvicted of crime, our clothes almost torn from our backs, ourselves covered with blood flowing from wounds inflicted by men who arrogated to themselves also the title of American citizens!

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CHAPTER VIII.

PLATTE CITY JAIL.

Soon after breakfast on the second day after our examination, the marshal, constable, and several others came into the garret where we were confined, and ordered Charles and me to get up and follow them. They led the way down stairs and helped us into a carriage, to which two horses were harnessed. A large crowd of ruffians greeted our appearance, and amused themselves by comments upon our condition, which was certainly pitiable. One of them said, "Well, old doctor, we'll pay you a visit at Platte City and give you another dose."

Eight men soon rode up on horseback and ordered the driver to move on. As we left the crowd, our mounted escort was advised to keep a sharp look-out, for the d——d Yankees would try to rescue us. They followed the advice and did keep a sharp look-out for Yankees all the way, four horsemen preceding us about five or six hundred yards, and the others following behind. After a drive of about seven miles, over almost impassable roads cut through the timber, we reached Platte City, a village of some eight hundred inhabitants, where we were received by another excited crowd, who repeated the insults.

They followed us to the jail, a gloomy-looking log building, two stories high and about twenty-four feet square, with

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walls two feet thick. Here we had to wait a short time for the jailor to bring the keys, while the mob clustered round the carriage in which we sat chained, amusing themselves as usual.

At last the jailor came, and we were ordered to leave the carriage and go in. He lighted a candle, and ushered us into a hall, warmed by a stove, upon which a door opened into the cell we were to occupy. It was unlocked and thrown back. We entered and found ourselves in an iron box, exactly eight feet square—for I measured it over and over—and about seven feet high, furnished with a mattress on an iron bedstead, and with a horse rug and an old piece of cotton carpeting for a coverlid. The sheriff of Platte County came in and searched us, taking from me a memorandum book containing notes of my journey to Holton, and a letter addressed to the editor of the *Country Gentleman*, an exclusively agricultural paper, published at Albany, New York State; also his pocket-knife from Charles.

After removing our chains, they went out, telling the jailer to keep a sharp look-out on us, and locked the door, leaving us in total darkness.

We seized the first opportunity to examine our cell, and found ourselves entombed in a metallic coffin of the dimensions before given. The walls, floor and ceiling were all of boiler-plate iron, without any other opening than the door, which was also of iron, grated, with a hole about twelve inches from the floor, through which our food was passed in to us.

We afterwards learned that there was a passage round three sides of our cell, and that there was another adjoining it of the same dimensions and material, in which two

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young men were confined, because they had nearly escaped from the jail by sawing through the iron bars of the window; one of them was imprisoned on a charge of stealing cloth—after laying for six months in prison, he was brought to trial and acquitted—the other was in for horse-stealing. A light mulatto lad, Allen Pinks, of whom I shall have more to say hereafter, and a white boy, were in the hall; while in the room overhead was a negro woman, put there for running away.

The hall, or lock-up, in which prisoners were usually confined while awaiting trial, and slaves were kept by the traders, until a sufficient number were collected to make up a gang or coffle, was about ten feet by twenty in size, and had but one small grated window in it, which could not be seen from the door of our cell, and consequently threw no light upon us—neither could we see the outer door of the jail, but only the light from it when opened.

Some days after we were thus immured, when the jailer's son brought us our dinner, we saved the fat of the meat, and put it into a tin plate; then we manufactured a wick by unraveling some of the threads of our cotton coverlid, and getting some matches from the slaves confined in the hall, lighted our improvised lamp; and this was the only light we had until my wife brought us some candles.

We entered Platte County jail on the 28th January, 1859, and remained inclosed in the iron coffin I have described until the 24th March. That cell we were not allowed to leave until called before the Grand Jury a few days before our departure. There was no other furniture than that mentioned, except an iron bucket with a broken lid—which often remained unemptied for weeks—and a

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Bible, which, it would almost seem, was put there in mockery. We were thrust in as we came from the hands of the Weston mob. For more than a week we had not enough water to drink and none to wash with, but were compelled to remove the blood from our faces by rubbing them with the old horse-rug, moistened with spittle. No clothes were furnished to us, nor did we get a change until my wife, after the lapse of three weeks, found out where we were and brought some to us. Our condition may be better imagined than described.

About eight o'clock every evening a guard of two men came and remained in the hall through the night. The jailer came in occasionally. During the first week of our imprisonment there was a regular camp of some three hundred Border Ruffians round the jail. They were armed with muskets and rifles, and had a brass cannon planted in front of the door. The first night they fired the cannon in triumph at our arrival, and, as the jailer informed us, broke every window in the Court House. A description of that night will answer for every other. We could hear them all night shouting, yelling, screeching, firing guns and threatening the Yankees, Jim Lane and the Kansas abolitionists, with the direst vengeance. All this preparation was to meet and prevent the rescue which it was supposed John Brown and Jim Lane would attempt. Fifty determined Kansas men would have sent them all running.

Among the most pot-valiant and blood-thirsty, in words, of our guards, was a young fellow of about eighteen, who was one night found drunk in the bed-chamber of one of the servant girls at the hotel. He was brought to the jail and locked in the hall, and being in that delightful state

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of inebriety known as "crying drunk," amused us all night by his lamentations over the disgrace to his family caused by his being in prison with the abolitionists. Considering him fair game, we told him, through the grated door of our cell, that his imprisonment would go down to posterity as a historical fact, and that the record of his family's disgrace would never be obliterated. This of course aggravated his sufferings, and, while cursing us, he was particularly savage against De Bard, the jailer, who had locked him up. His soliloquizing ran after this fashion:

"Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! I'll cut that dog-gauned De Bard's throat; he's locked me up here with these dog-gauned abolitionists. He'll stand a right smart chance of gitting his throat cut. I'se seen heaps better dead men nor him. Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! What shall I do? I'se come up here to guard these dog-gauned abolitionists, and here I'se put in with them, and they'll put me into their dog-gauned history. Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"

Charles intimated to him that he was probably put in with us as not being a sound pro-slavery man, but a suspected abolitionist. In the meanwhile he had been insulting the colored man, Pinks, in the hall, and had been knocked over by him.

"An abolitionist! Oh! thar's no better pro-slavery family in this 'ere State! We's from old Tennessee. Boo-hoo! And here I'se put in with the dog-gauned abolitionists. I shan't git my two dollars for guarding the dog-gauned rascals. I'll be dog-gauned if I don't fill up the jail with files and saws; see if I don't. And then I'll cut that dog-gauned De Bard's throat in the morning. I'se seen heaps better men nor him have their throats cut. Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!" and so on through the night.

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He was released in the morning, but, as we were informed, took his disgrace so hard that his father sent him away out of the State.

Shortly after our imprisonment, a public meeting was held in the town, at which highly inflammatory resolutions respecting us were passed, and the people talked of hanging and burning the "d——d abolitionists then in prison for stealing niggers." Late that evening, some one came to the jail and shouted to the prisoner in the cell adjoining ours, to "tell the old Doctor and his son to get ready and say their prayers, for twenty-five men have voted in the meeting to come down, take them out and hang them, and they'll be here soon." Soon after another person came to the jail, and in a loud voice called to me and communicated the same information.

We resolved to be prepared to meet the ruffians, and to sell our lives as dearly as possible. So we called to our fellow-prisoners in the hall to pass us some sticks of firewood through the hole in our door, which they did, after cutting them to the right length for clubs, and smoothing one end for a handle. With means and light which they also furnished, we wrote a note to the family informing them of our situation and probable fate, and bidding them farewell. This we sent to a prisoner in the other cell, who expected to be out in a few days, and he promised to mail it for Lawrence at the first opportunity. We then barricaded our door with the iron bedstead, so that it could be only partially opened, and stood till dawn in readiness to meet the expected hangmen; but no one appeared to molest us.

When the jailer's son brought our breakfast, he said that Judge Norton had prevented the crowd from coming to hang us, by telling them that he had a gun at home with

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which he would defend us to the last; that they should reach us only over his dead body; that we were in the hands of the law, and that justice would be meted out to us.*

Not all the Platte County men are demons or brutes in human form, and I have no doubt that many would have testified sympathy and pity for us had they dared; but the supporters of slavery were too strong for them.

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*Some of the Missouri papers stated that the resolutions passed at that meeting had been carried into effect; that we had been taken from the jail by armed men, and hung. Our family believed this statement for a while, and were greatly distressed.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE FATE OF HAYS AND SMITH.

On the second day of our imprisonment, Wilson George Hays, Charles Smith—both known to us to be free-born men, as before mentioned—and William Riley, whom we left chained in the attic at Weston with the other colored people, were brought in handcuffeed by Jake Hurd and George Robbins, a fellow of the same kidney, who was an ostler at Lecompton, and one of our kidnappers. As soon as the men were safe in jail, Jake told them they had better choose masters as the others had done, and not get into any more trouble. They answered that they never were slaves, and that they would remain in jail till their friends came and proved that they were freemen.

"Men! men!" sneered Jake; "you're nothing but d——d niggers."

The kidnappers then left, and the colored men came to our door and expressed their sympathy for us. They told us that all the people we had left in the attic, except themselves, had been taken away forcibly or prevailed on to choose masters, which they would not do, and that their own wives had been carried to Kansas City and other places, probably to be sold down South. These poor unfortunate men mourned the loss of their loved ones, whom they could not expect to see again on this earth, and lamented their

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lot, for they were young and handsome, and had been consigned by cruel and avaricious men to a fate worse than death.

I advised the men to ask the jailer to see the judge or magistrate, and get him to come to the jail and receive their depositions, so that he might prevent any one from taking them away before they could establish their freedom by competent proof. They did so, and the jailer promised to comply with their request. But nothing came of it, for, on the 3d of February, Jake Hurd came to the jail about 10 o'clock in the morning, and told Smith and Hays to get ready to go with him. They refused, and said they preferred to remain in jail, etc., as before. Jake cried out: "I'm your master now, you d——d niggers, and by G—d I'll make you mind me."

He then made them put on their coats, handcuffed them, and chained them together, and whipped them most unmercifully to make them confess they were slaves, but they persisted in asserting that they were freemen. I could see the whole through the grated door, and I called upon the jailer, who stood by, a silent spectator of the scene, to detain the two men, and prevent the kidnapper from taking them away to sell. He told me he could not prevent it, as he had no commitment with them. I said he was as bad as Hurd if he had kept them without authority, and allowed the kidnappers to sell them. He retorted that I had better mind my own business, and that he thought I should have enough to do to look out for my own case, without troubling myself with what didn't concern me. Hurd cursed me for a d——d nigger-thief, and shook his whip at me, saying he would cut my head off if

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he had me outside, and muttering horrid oaths between his teeth. He then drove his victims out of the jail, and I saw them no more. As one of them turned to bid us good-bye, Hurd struck him over the face with the butt-end of his whip, inflicting a severe wound.

What was to be the fate of these poor men I could not doubt, for I knew the desperate and cruel character of their kidnapper. I afterwards learned that he sold them in Independence, Missouri, for one thousand dollars apiece.

Thus two free-born men, citizens of Ohio and Pennsylvania, were dragged off and sold into slavery without an opportunity to prove themselves free ; and the authorities of the State of Missouri were cognizant of the facts and would not interfere. The poor man, though free, has but a small chance to assert his rights in a Slave State, if he has but a drop of colored blood in his veins.*

As I do not intend to keep to the exact sequence of the events which occurred during our confinement in the iron box, I will here speak of William Riley, who was left in the jail when Smith and Hays were taken away.

He did not sit idle when he found that he was left, but improved every opportunity to prepare for escape, by working at the grated window in the room above. It was closed by iron bars set in a wooden frame. With the poker, which he heated red-hot in the stove below, he burned the wooden frame, so that he could draw out one end of the bars. After making each hole, he filled it with wet ashes and plaster, and whenever the jailer came to examine the jail, he hung his coat on that side of the window, giving as a reason that

* Since my rescue I have been told that Smith has been reclaimed and taken home to Pennsylvania, but I have not been able to ascertain if the report be correct.

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it was covered with vermin. He hoped to take with him quite a large gang of slaves, then confined in the jail awaiting transportation to the South, but, unfortunately, before he could complete his preparations the trader came and drove them away, leaving only Riley, Pinks and the white boy in the hall.

At last all the bars were loosed, and about seven o'clock in the evening, when all was quiet and before the guards came for the night, they made a rope of their bedclothes, by which all three descended to the ground. After going a short distance, Pinks said he thought it was too cold to leave, he would go back and stay a while longer. So, after waiting till the others were out of harm's way and beyond the reach of the jailer, he went to the latter's house, waked him up and told him he wanted to get back into the jail. Of course the jailer soon knew of the escape of the others, and came in, with the guard, in a towering passion, and accused us of having aided their flight, declaring that we should be held responsible. On examining the locks, he found that ours was all right, but that an attempt had been made to break that of the adjoining cell.*

Somehow a report was very quickly spread through the town that the jail had been broken open, and that two prisoners had escaped. Of course it was supposed that we had been rescued, and a number of the citizens came hurriedly to the jail. When the real state of things was ascertained, a renegade New Yorker, by name Berge, a druggist, suggested that the d——d Kansas abolitionists had better be hung and Pinks cowhided, as we had probably

* This had been done, in order that we might not be implicated, in case the attempt to break the lock proved unsuccessful, as it did.

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planned the escape, and ought to die for it. The others contented themselves with cursing and swearing, and, after impressing on our guard the necessity of renewed vigilance, went away.

Pinks amused us the rest of the night by giving a funny account of the whole affair and showing how the boys ran, saying that they jumped fifteen feet at a leap, and that if they kept on at the same rate, they must be in Lawrence before that time. For himself, he said that it was too cold, the grass wasn't up yet, and he didn't like to leave a good boarding-place without paying his board.

The next day workmen came in and repaired the window through which the escape had been made.*

* The white boy above mentioned is still living in Kansas, honest and industrious, and determined to be a worthy citizen. Poor Riley! after working for some time in Lawrence, he started for Nebraska, on his way to the Free States; thence he was again kidnapped, and is now probably under the lash on some cotton plantation.

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CHAPTER X.

STILL IN PLATTE CITY JAIL.

One afternoon, when we had been confined about ten days and were still suffering from neglect, an Irishman, John Deviny, was brought in drunk. After he had been in the hall some hours and got pretty sober, I called him to our door and asked him what he was put in for. He said that he had done nothing but take a drop too much of comfort.

"Then," said I, "you'll probably be let out in the morning. Do you want to earn some money?"

"To be sure I do."

"If you'll carry a letter for me to Leavenworth, I'll put in it that you shall be well paid and have work given you when you deliver it. But you must go as soon as you are discharged, for they'll hang you if they find the letter on you."

"There's nothing I'd like so much as to get out of this State."

Finding him so well disposed, I borrowed a pencil from Pinks, and on a blank leaf of the Bible, by the light of our lamp, wrote a letter to Champion Vaughan, of Leavenworth, informing him of the particulars of our capture, where we were confined, and how we were treated worse than brutes which I passed through the grate to Deviny.

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The next morning he was discharged, as I had expected, and departed, taking my letter with him.

Two or three nights afterwards, about 11 o'clock, the sheriff came into the jail with the jailer and the deputy U. S. marshal of Leavenworth City, and accompanied by a man said to be a brother of the notorious John Calhoun, a clerk at Liberty, Missouri—all pretty well lined with whisky—and with suppressed passion held out to me a copy of the Leavenworth *Times*, asking me if I wrote that letter. By the light of his candle I saw that it was my letter to Vaughan, which he had published. I answered "Yes," and told them that if they had come in the day-time they could have satisfied themselves about the condition we were in.

"What did you write such lies for?"

"I wrote nothing but the truth."

"Do you mean to say it is true you have no water to wash with."

"Yes."

"De Bard," said the sheriff, turning to the jailer, "he says it is true that they have no water to wash with."

"It's a d——d lie."

"Oh!" said I; "you know nothing about it. Call your boy"—his son, about nineteen years old, who tended the prisoners in the jail.

"Now, John," I continued, when the boy came, "tell sheriff Bryant if we haven't begged you every day to give us water to wash with."

"Well, I suppose you have."

"And how long is it since you brought us any?"

"I don't know."

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"Have you brought us any for a week or ten days? Tell the truth, now; there are plenty here to tell it if you don't."

"Well—I don't know as I have."

"There, Mr. Bryant, you may consider that item as proved, and I could go on and prove every allegation I have made. The fact is, we have not had water enough even to drink, and with that stove only four feet off, right in front of our door, which the guard will sometimes heat red-hot in spite of our remonstrances, we have been almost suffocated more than once, and have suffered agony from thirst. You wouldn't treat one of your dumb beasts so, and we are free American citizens, kidnapped from our own territory, unconvicted of any crime, and merely committed for trial."

When the sheriff found that my statements were true, he told De Bard that we must have as much water as we wanted, and such attentions as were consistent with our safe keeping; "For," said he, "these fellows will manage somehow to let everybody know how we treat them." But nothing was said about supplying us with clothes or better bedding, or of removing us from that nauseously filthy cell.

Before they went, I asked the marshal of Leavenworth City to hunt up my stolen property, my wagon, clothing, etc., which he promised to do.

Jake Hurd also came and abused me for publishing him, in that same letter, as a "notorious fiend." He gloried in the name of "Border Ruffian." He swore it was all a d——d lie, but could not deny any one of my statements. He threatened me with death if he ever caught me out, but

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swore he would prevent our getting out by all the means in his power, and went off in a towering passion.

Later, Deviny was brought back to the jail. He had been seized near the Big Stranger, in Kansas, between Leavenworth and Lawrence, by Joseph Todd and Silas Gordon, who searched him and found on him a letter from Mr. Vaughan to the governor of Kansas Territory; for which reason they kidnapped him and brought him to Platte county jail. This time he was detained four days and then discharged without examination, the only dollar he had in the world having been taken from him for expenses.

The jail took fire several times when we were there, and the flames sometimes made considerable progress before they were discovered; and we were more than once in danger of being baked to death, or suffocated, in our metallic coffin.

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CHAPTER XI.

INCIDENTS OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

Our situation was peculiarly advantageous for seeing everything that took place in the hall. Ourselves in the dark, we could, after our eyes became accustomed to the dim light, see everything that occurred outside of our cell, and hear every word spoken; while those in the hall, not seeing us, were often unconscious, or forgetful, of our presence. No witnesses ever had a more favorable position than we, to note at least some of the horrors of the "peculiar institution."

During our imprisonment, numbers of slaves were lodged in the jail by different traders, who were making up gangs to take or send to the South. Every slave, when brought in, was ordered to strip naked, and was minutely examined for marks, which, with condition of teeth and other details, were carefully noted by the trader in his memorandum-book. Many facts connected with these examinations, were too disgusting to mention.

The principal traders who brought slaves there, were General Dorris, and his son Tom: the former about fifty years of age, a morose, austere, domineering man, tyrannical to those who cannot protect themselves; the latter, about twenty-five years old, has the reputation of being one of the sharpest dealers in slaves, and the greatest gambler in that county. This

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family belongs to the aristocracy of Platte county, is quite influential there, and the head of the family is a politician of the modern democratic school, which our Northern democrats vote with and support. Members of this and other families of similar character, frequently spend the winter at Washington and other places of fashionable resort, making a display with the money gained by their nefarious traffic in the souls and bodies of men, women, and children; every dollar of which is washed by the tears, and cursed by the sufferings of the poor, the unfortunate, and the helpless.

One day Tom Dorris brought in a young mulatto about fourteen years old, who told us that he had been bought at Camden Point, about six miles from Platte City, of a man named Bill Rywaters, who owned quite a lot of slaves, and was a large hemp-grower. Both men and women had a task given them, the latter to break one hundred pounds of hemp a day, the former still more, and received a lash for every pound they fell short.

A day or two after, another slave trader, of the firm of White, Williams & Co., of Weston, quite extensive dealers in human flesh, but, I believe, as kind and humane as men can possibly be in that trade, brought in a fine specimen of a man, twenty-five years old, strong, muscular, and intelligent, a blacksmith by trade, for whom eighteen hundred dollars had been paid. His name was George, and he was from Newmarket, where he had been working two years for a man who had never given him a dime for his services, he having paid for his clothing during that time by working on Sundays and Holidays.

This trader took the handcuffs from George when he got him into the jail, and reproved him for a remark he had

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made to his former master, which he said displayed a very improper and unchristian feeling. It was, "I hope to meet you at the bar of a just God, before you are sent to hell."

Very early one morning a yellow man was brought in, who said he had been kidnapped from Kansas in the night. As he stood weeping, the picture of despair, with his wrists handcuffed across each other, he said to the man who brought him, and who, it seemed, had bought him of the kidnappers, "I told you I was free; and I am, or ought to be, as free as you are. I've got my free papers in my pocket."

Without a word, the trader put his hand into the poor man's pocket and pulled out a tin case, five or six inches long, opened it by removing the lid, took out the papers which proved that he was entitled to his freedom, read them, tore them up and threw them into the stove. And that MAN was driven off South that very night with a large gang of slaves.

Some of the slaves brought in from the neighboring plantations told me that the slaves in Platte county were whiter than anywhere else, and, consequently, more sensitive and wretched; that both men and women were worked harder in the hemp-fields; were whipped oftener and for less cause; that less regard was paid to the separation of families, and that they had the fear of being sold South more constantly put before their eyes than in any other State. And this was told me by old slaves, who had been in more States than one.

In the afternoon, before one of these gangs was sent off, a very dark woman was brought with quite a light-colored baby. One of the traders asked the owner, likewise a

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trader, what he was going to do with that brat. "D——d if I know," was the reply. "I'm bothered to know what to do with it."

"We can't take it in the wagons and have it squalling all the way."

"Here," said the owner to an inhabitant of Platte City, who just then came in with a boy for sale, "don't you want this thing? You may have it for twenty-five dollars. D—n it," he continued, snatching the babe from its mother's arms by the shoulder and hefting it, "it weighs twenty-five pounds! Will you take it?"

"Yes."

"Take it now."

And the child was carried off amid the heart-rending shrieks and pleadings of the agonized mother.

The handcuffs represented on next page, I still have—they are a pair which I saw broken from the wrists of a young man in the hall. He was quite light in color, and appeared to be very sensitive and wretched. I saw the handcuffs broken between two stones and thrown out of the jail, and when I had an opportunity, told a small boy that was in for sale to fetch them to me before the door was closed, and I would give him a quarter. He did so, and, after we were shut up for the night, I set him to find and bring the man from whom they had been taken. He came, weeping and sobbing, and I asked him why his handcuffs had been broken and not unlocked, as usual.

He said: "When I was sold, after my master had got the nine hundred dollars, he told the trader to bind me himself, as he would not, and handed him the irons. The trader found me and snapped them on. When we got here

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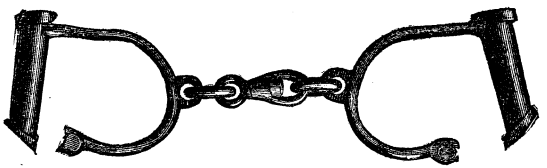
he wanted to unfasten them, but had no key, so he broke them off as you saw."



In answer to further questions, he said: "My master is a preacher, and has been for fifteen years, and a class-leader. I used to be one of his class. My mother was his slave, and he is my father. He sold my mother last week, and now he has sold me, because his wife kept calling him names, and he wanted to have peace in his family, as he said."

This young man seemed to have had a pretty good education, which made his case the harder—he was very wretched.

When the slaves were brought to the jail and learned what was to be their fate, often entirely unsuspected by them, the men would beg the traders to allow them to see their wives and children before leaving. The traders invariably promised to gratify them: their wives and children should come to the jail to-morrow or the next day; but, as invariably, that morrow never came to the poor, despairing fathers and husbands. They were generally driven off in the night, and no opportunity was allowed them to bid farewell to those whom they held dear, and whom they might never hope to see again on earth. Oh! may God preserve me from ever again witnessing such a scene of

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suffering and anguish as always attends the departure of a slave coffle for the South!

The first gang of slaves was soon made up. At midnight, Gen. Dorris, his son, and assistants came to the jail and ordered the slaves to get ready to leave. As it was quite cold, a pair of socks were drawn over the fists and wrists of each of the men, instead of mittens; they were handcuffed together in pairs and driven into the street, where they were formed in marching order behind wagons containing the women and children—some of the former tied with ropes when considered unruly—and thus, conducted by six or eight drivers on mules, they started on their journey for the Southern market, in which they were to be sold to the highest bidder, whether he were a man or a brute beast in man's shape.

Immediately after the departure of one gang, the traders went to work to fill the jail for another, and so on. Once there were as many as five started in a week. Of course, what with those who are thus sent off and those who escape, this part of Missouri must soon be swept of slaves, as none are now brought into that State from others.

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CHAPTER XII.

ALLEN PINKS.

But it is time to say something about Allen Pinks, one of the funniest fellows I ever met with, and one who contributed greatly to our amusement, and to relieve the *ennui* of our long imprisonment in the iron box.

We found him in Platte City jail when we entered it, and soon appreciated his good qualities. He was very bright and intelligent; very kind to us, and alleviated our sufferings in various ways.

He was quite a light colored mulatto, of about twenty years of age, born at Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania; his grandmother being a German woman, as he informed me. He had been cook and head waiter on board of steamboats on the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, and had last been paid off at St. Joseph, Missouri. From there he started for Leavenworth, walking down the Missouri bank of the river with a white man, who had been on board the steamboat with him. At the Rialto Ferry, he was stopped by the ferryman on suspicion of being a fugitive slave, and lodged in Weston calaboose till he was transferred to Platte City jail.

Thinking that his free papers were wearing out, he had left them with a free colored wagon-builder at Independence, Missouri. As it was for the interest of those con-

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cerned in detaining him, that he should not prove himself free, he could get no one to send to Independence, though only thirty miles distant, and ascertain whether his assertions were true or false, and would certainly have been sold for his jail fees and consigned to hopeless slavery, had he waited for the working of the law, which appears to be different in every county of the State, and to agree only in the fact that it is everywhere interpreted to suit the slave-dealing gentry.

I could fill a volume with records of his funny deeds and sayings, but have no space; though I must mention that I have frequently seen him go up to a man who came into the jail to look at the slaves—he was almost sure to do it to every well-dressed stranger—and pretend to pick something off his coat; that something he would coolly, in the same manner, put upon the floor and stamp upon, saying: "Why! I guess you've been rubbing against some of us prisoners;" or he would put it on the palm of his hand, look at it gravely, and say: "I declare that's a gray-back, one of the real Missouri breed;" and go on and expatiate upon the various breeds of vermin in the prison, which was certainly overrun by them.

The following conversation would often occur between Pinks and a slave-trader:

Slave Trader.—"Hallo! whose boy are you?"

Pinks.—"Me, sir?"

S. T.—"Yes! you, sir!"

P.—"Allen Pinks', sir."

S. T.—"Allen Pinks? Who the h—l is Allen Pinks?"

P.—"Why, don't you know Allen Pinks, sir?"

S. T.—"Who is he? Where does he live?"

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P.—"In Platte City, sir."

S. T.—"In Platte City! There's nobody here of that name. In what part of the town does he live?"

P.—"Here, sir."

S. T.—"What do you mean? What's your name?"

P.—"Allen Pinks, sir."

S. T.—"Go to h—l! You G—d d——d nigger you."

He used to plague the jailer a good deal, and give him considerable trouble; but De Bard finally came to like him, and laughed at his jokes as much as we did. Pinks was very useful in the jail, also, bringing in wood and water, and saving the jailer's son many steps. The jailer would call him "boy," and Pinks would retort: "Yes, boy!—till I'm a hundred years old, and then a d——d old nigger!—never a man!"

After Riley's and the white boy's escape, the jailer's confidence in Pinks became almost unbounded, and I frequently heard him say that he was too lazy to run away. Pinks did not fail to improve this good disposition.

One night, shortly before we were removed to St. Joseph, Pinks came to our door, and said: "As I've been here more than six months, I guess I must quit. The grass is growing now, and I'll be off. It's time I was making some money as cook on board some steamboat. I'm very sorry to leave such a nice boarding-house without paying my bill, but the Platte county people are so liberal, I've no doubt they'll give it to me. So, good bye, while I have a chance to say it."

About 8 o'clock, when the jailer and guard came in, the former sent Pinks out for two buckets of water. Pinks said: "It's rather cold outside, and I've no coat. Jim" (to

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the guard), "lend me yours." Jim, who was a tall, lanky, ignorant fellow, was pulling it off, when Pinks said to my son "No, lend me yours, it'll fit me better," on which Charles passed it out to him through the hole in the door. Pinks put it on, took up the buckets and went out.

After a while, the jailer and guard began to wonder where Pinks could be so long, and one went out to see. He found the buckets full of water at the spring-side, but no water carrier. Then he came back and reported that Pinks had run away, at which there was a great hue and cry, and jailer and guard went off to hunt him up. In two or three hours time they came back, and the jailer talked hard at us for planning his escape, especially at my son for giving him his coat.

"Didn't he ask you for your coat first?" enquired Charles of the guard.

He could not deny it.

"Then you would have been just as guilty as I am, if he had got yours instead of mine, wouldn't you?"

And they had not a word to say.

We did not tell them, however, that the matter had been previously arranged between Pinks and ourselves, and that the coat pockets were full of bread and meat.

Next morning the jailer took his pistols, got on his horse and started, as he said, for Leavenworth City, swearing he would shoot Pinks at sight. Towards night he came back discouraged, not having found him, and told us that Pinks' running away had robbed him of one hundred dollars due to him for board, which we should have to work out at the State Penitentiary in Jefferson City. Our opinion was, that he never went near Leavenworth.

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To finish Pinks' story here, I will state that, after my rescue from the hands of the Missourians, expecting an attempt to recapture me, I was fortified at Mr. Stearns' brick block, in the centre of Lawrence, for nearly a month.

One morning, about five o'clock, I was called by Mr. Stearns, who informed me that a rough-looking man, who said he was from Platte City, was asking for Dr. Doy at the front door. I looked out from my upper window and whom should I see but Allen Pinks. He was nearly naked, having nothing on but shirt and trowsers, and those almost torn to pieces. When let in, he accounted for his dilapidated appearance, by saying that he had traveled on a bee-line from Platte City, and having been in somewhat of a hurry, had not paid sufficient respect to the thorns and briars he met with, from whose attentions he had withdrawn himself with difficulty. He was exactly the same jolly fellow as before, making fun in the midst of danger and suffering.

After he was somewhat refreshed, and we had begged clothes enough to make him decent, he told us that, after his escape from the jail, as before mentioned, he had made for the Missouri River, and being well known to all the steamboat captains, had easily found employment on the *Minnehaha*, bound for St. Louis—this was about two weeks after his escape. The boat put into Weston to take and deliver passengers, when, lo and behold, our old friend the jailer, De Bard, city-marshal Lewis, one of my kidnappers, with any quantity of help, came on board and demanded his surrender. Pinks naturally objected, as did the captain and all hands, but the Weston officers tied up the boat and would not let her go until he was delivered to them.

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He was then chained, carried in triumph back to Platte City, and consigned to the very iron box in which my son and I had suffered so much. There he remained five months, making all the while vain endeavors to induce some one to take a letter for him, or to send for his free papers, to Independence, where they were registered in the County Clerk's office, as well as deposited. The guard took his money on promise to send a letter for him, but no answer was ever received.

But the jailer and his son could not resist turning Pinks to use as before, and he was often sent out for water, attended by the son, armed with a double-barrelled gun, as guard. One day Pinks broke off the foot of his iron bedstead, which he hid in his bucket, and when sent out to empty it, watched his opportunity, knocked down the guard, seized his gun, and left him among the weeds at the back of the jail. The jailer, who, for greater precaution, had been watching from the jail door, raised a hue and cry, and most of the village were soon in hot pursuit.

Pinks made for Platte River, kicked off his shoes on the bank, threw the gun into the water, jumped in and swam across. After landing, he threw his coat into the brush, it being so wet as to impede his running, and hurried on. He was chased for several miles, but as his pursuers went by the bridge, he gained ground and they lost his track. By night he got to the Missouri River above Leavenworth City, and swam over, stemming its swift current with much difficulty, and at last stood on Kansas soil—Kansas called free by the will of her inhabitants, but only partially so in consequence of the patrols sent from Missouri and their traitorous abettors. He kept

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away from the main road, lest he should be again seized and carried back, begged a passage over Kaw River, and finally arrived in safety at the city of refuge.

We bound up and healed his cut and swollen legs and feet, and sent to Pittsburgh, Penn., for his free papers. They reached us 14th September, 1859, and were supported by the affidavits of Mr. Wm. McArthur and Dr. F. G. Gallaher, of Pittsburgh, who had known Pinks from birth. When they came, I said to him, "Pinks, I've got something for you."

"What is it, doctor!"

"Your free papers."

"Oh!"

"You don't seem to care much; aren't you glad?"

"Why should I be? What good will they do me? Haven't we seen plenty of free papers torn up and burnt in Platte City jail?"

And Pinks was right. A colored man's free papers are not worth one red cent to him in the border towns of Missouri, even if he carries them with him and has them registered in every town on the rivers on which he works.

Whenever a poor panting fugitive chances to be rescued from the fangs of the bloodhounds unchained in pursuit of him by an infamous law, a great noise is made throughout the country, the rescuers are stigmatized as law-breakers, and traitors to the constitution, and as such are fined and imprisoned by the Federal authorities, if possible; but we seldom hear of the cases, which I believe are ten to one of the former, in which free-born men are kidnapped and sold into hopeless slavery.

Allen Pinks is now employed in the Johnson House at

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Lawrence, is considered one of the best and steadiest hands there, and has the confidence of the proprietor, but says he has had sufficient experience of the blessings of freedom for colored men in this Union, especially in the State of Missouri. That State did, indeed, keep him for eleven months without any charge for rent or board, but as, if he had stayed one month more, he would have been sold at the auction block like a beast, he prefers not to try her hospitality again. He will rather go to Mexico or Hayti, where color does not transform a man into a chattel or deprive him of all the rights of a human being.

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CHAPTER XIII.

ARRIVAL OF MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER.—PREPARATIONS FOR TRIAL.

On the 18th of February, the jailer's son burst into the hall and cried out, "Doctor Doy! Doctor Doy! your wife and daughter has come!"

"It's impossible," I replied; "I don't believe it. Don't come here hoaxing me."

"They has! they has! I'se seen 'em. They's gone to Moore's hotel, and they's coming right over here."

"Well, if it's so, I wish you would go to my wife and tell her that, much as I wish to see her, I don't want her to come and cry over us, and lament when she sees us. But first bring us some water."

And my son and I began to make ourselves as tidy as we could in our poor way, being all of a flutter at thought of seeing those who were so dear to us, especially as we had not once looked upon the face of a friend since the day of our capture. We knew they would come in, and would not have it otherwise, much as we tried to appear stoical before those who would ridicule us if we showed any feeling.

After the lapse of a short time, which appeared to us an age, my wife and eldest daughter appeared at the jail door, followed by a large crowd of the Platte City ruffians, who,

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not satisfied with insulting us men whenever an opportunity offered, had pursued them also with hoots and yells. Lights were brought and our cell door was opened, but, with my wife and daughter, the mob rushed in, filling our narrow dungeon, and refusing to leave us to ourselves, while others pressed in from the hall to gaze at us and gloat upon our sufferings. The wife and daughter—the mother and sister—hung weeping on the necks of those they had lost and again found; whom they had supposed had been murdered: and the ruffian mob pressed close about us, threatening to hang and burn the d——d abolitionists, making obscene jests, laughing and jeering at the emotion they beheld.

The jailer refused to order them out, when my son asked him indignantly if we were to be exhibited like wild beasts in a caravan. I appealed to the sheriff, and he coolly answered that it was natural the people should like to see such noted abolitionists. The mob remained in our cell, and in and about the jail, until my wife and daughter left, when they followed them with fresh yells and insults.

Attorney-General Davis and ex-Governor Shannon, of Kansas, then came in. After expressing their indignation at the treatment my wife and daughter had received, and at the condition we were in, as well as their sympathy for our sufferings, they informed us that the Legislature of the Territory had unanimously voted a thousand dollars to defray the expenses of our trial, and that the governor had appointed them to act in our behalf. They had come to prepare for the trial, which was to take place in a month, and, at their suggestion, I authorized them to employ Judge Spratt, of Platte City, it being considered necessary

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to have a local attorney, who would know all the men of the place.

The next day my wife and daughter came again to see us, followed by an excited, though not so numerous a crowd as before. The sheriff came into the cell with them, and would not allow them to remain more than a few minutes, or to speak to us except in his presence, so that we had no chance to talk of our private affairs ; but they brought us some clothes and candles, and we were enabled to make ourselves more comfortable.

My daughter returned home in company with ex-Governor Shannon and the attorney-general, but my wife remained in Platte City till we were removed.

Our attorneys gave notice to the prosecuting officers that on a certain day depositions would be taken in Leavenworth of several citizens of Kansas, as witnesses in my case, who could not come to Platte City to give in their evidence, without peril to their lives, in consequence of the excitement prevailing.

The prosecution paid no regard to this notice ; and, though our attorneys and witnesses all went to Leavenworth on the appointed day, at great expense, both time and money were thrown away, as the other side were not inclined to receive any testimony in our behalf, or, as was evident, to do us any kind of justice, and would not appear to cross-examine.

My attorneys consequently returned to Platte City to prepare for the trial which was fixed for the 20th of March. I had no witnesses, and was not in any way ready ; but on the 19th, at 11 o'clock, we were ordered to go over to the Court House.

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Our cell door was opened, for the first time, for our egress, and we started ; I finding it quite difficult to walk, in consequence of the state of my ankles, which had swollen and become quite painful. My eyes had become accustomed to the darkness of our cell, and I could distinguish all objects quite clearly in the dim light of the hall, but, the moment that the jail door was opened and the bright sun-light, reflected from the snow, struck upon my face, I became entirely blind. "My God! I have lost my sight!" I exclaimed, as I tottered and struck my face a severe blow against the door-post.

My son took hold of and supported me, and thus we went through the streets to the Court House, where we were to meet and challenge the Grand Jury. On each side stood a row of men yelling like demons. As we passed through them, one man cried out, "Well, Doctor, the time is getting short ; things are drawing to a point." When we reached the Court House, the steps and entrance were crowded to excess, but they let us pass on my son's saying : "Make way, gentlemen ; we're the elephant," which set them laughing.

Seats were furnished us in front, facing the crowd. My sight gradually returned to me when out of the sun-light, but I was in a sad plight, crippled and in rags, as my coat had been torn almost to pieces by the Weston mob.

As we knew none of the jury we challenged none, and probably should not have improved our case had we done so, most of the inhabitants of Platte City being greatly excited against us, and determined to hang us if possible. We were consequently remanded back to jail.

Upon consultation with our lawyers, we determined to

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obtain a change of *venue* to St. Joseph, if possible ; and early next morning, the 20th, a magistrate was persuaded to come to the jail, before whom we made our affidavit, that we believed we could not have a fair trial in Platte City, on account of the excitement.

Shortly after, we were taken to the Court House for trial. Judge Norton was on the bench, smoking a pipe ; on his right sat the jury selected for this specific occasion, and such a jury ! I wish I could describe them, and the eyes of hate with which they glowered at us !

Immediately after opening the Court, our counsel presented our affidavit, and made application for a change of *venue* to St. Joseph. It was read by Judge Spratt, and seemed to take both court and jury by surprise. The motion was argued *pro* and *con*, and finally, much to the chagrin of the jury and crowd, the judge granted what we asked for. A low murmur ran through the crowd, and the jury looked daggers at us and at each other, gritting their teeth, as beasts of prey might do when they saw their expected victims escape them.

At this moment the judge suddenly ordered us to be reconveyed to the jail, whither we were attended by a large crowd. At the door we found Gen. Dorris bartering for the purchase of John Jones, a mulatto, who had been kidnapped in Kansas a short time before by James and John Hunley, Geo. Wilson, and two others, all of whom were there trying to sell him. The crowd gathered around Dorris and the others, crying : "Dicker with old Doy." "Sell him to old Doy." "Old Doy will take him." "Let old Doy have him, he's from the same county." One fellow said : "Platte county is a trump. She's got old Doy and his son, and is

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after old Brown. She catches Kansas free niggers and sends them where they ought to go."*

Afterwards, the young men above mentioned came in and had some talk with us, and said they were the persons that informed us, while in the garret at Weston, that they were going to take old John Brown.

"Well," said I, "I remember some persons there stating they were going after John Brown; did you go?"

"Yes we did; and by G—d he took us, instead of us taking him."

"Well," said I, "did he treat you well?"

"Why, yes," said the speaker, "he treated us well enough; but he said he needed our horses and arms, and he made us get off, took our arms away, and his men escorted us some miles back on foot."

That night, about 12 o'clock, the jail caught fire again from the stove-pipe, and the flames made a good deal of headway before they were discovered. The bells began to ring in town, and people to shout "Fire!" outside. One of the guards discharged his musket through the grated window, at the house opposite. We were all locked in, and the jailer had the keys. At last the jailer came with

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*I did not see much significance in what the man told me about "things coming to a point," nor understand why the Judge had so hastily ordered us back to the jail, until after my rescue, when Judge Almond, formerly of California, one day said to me: "Doctor, you didn't know it, but I saved both your lives that day you went before the Court at Platte City."

"How was that, judge?" I asked.

"Why, I found that a paper was circulating among the outside people, which pledged the signers to take you from the officers and lynch you. There were a good many signatures already attached to it when I saw it, principally of planters in the neighborhood. I gave information to the judge, and he sent you off before they could get ready."

They had learned the probability of our removal to St. Joseph, and were determined that their prey should not escape them.

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my wife and his, and unlocked the outside door, when water was brought, and the fire put out with difficulty, and after a long time. The floor over our cell was made of two thicknesses of logs, and about two feet and a half through. Into this the fire had made its way, burning the upper tier of logs. Our cell became very hot, and the jailer would not let us out. It did us good to hear my wife talk to him about his inhumanity in keeping us locked up, etc., etc., to all of which he could only answer, "But, Madam!" "But, Madam!" When the water was brought and poured upon the fire, we were in danger of being drowned as well as burned to death, for it ran through the floor above, and through the open rivet-holes in the iron into our cell, sometimes almost boiling hot, for the iron hissed when the water touched it. We could not shelter ourselves from it, and had to stand on our bed in order to keep our feet out of it, and bear it as best we could.

On the evening of the 23d, the sheriff, the jailer, and the guards came to our cell and informed us that everything was prepared, and that we were to be taken to St. Joseph the next morning. They then asked what we would do to them if we got clear and ever caught them in Kansas. I told them that we would feed them and leave it to others to hang them. They laughed and said they thought they had treated us as well as could be expected under the circumstances, considering the excitement attending the arrest and subsequent proceedings. I complained that we had been confined in an iron box inside of a jail in total darkness, when we were unconvicted of any crime, and the jailer replied: "I tell you what it is, doctor, I've heard that some of you Kansas fellows that were out against

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Dave Atchison, would take a man out of hell if they wanted him." The sheriff said he had engaged a number of horsemen to go with us as guard, to prevent the Kansas free-soilers or abolitionists from rescuing us.

We thanked God that the next day, the 24th of March, would see us released from the horrid cell in which we had been immured ever since the 28th of January, almost two months. Our condition was as pitiable as can be imagined, mine especially, for the confinement had worked much more unfavorably upon me than upon my son. His youth and greater activity, as well as his more mercurial temperament, had contributed to preserve him from the more serious effects which I had experienced. Pale from confinement and want of light, cadaverous, emaciated, covered with vermin—for notwithstanding the clean clothes we had had the advantage of since my wife's arrival, we had not been able to free ourselves of them—with my joints swollen, my ankles, especially, so painful that I could hardly bear my weight upon them, I was weakened both in body and mind.

From the effect of that inhuman confinement, I have not yet recovered; I still walk with difficulty, and the swelling of my ankles has not been reduced—it would almost seem that the bones had become spongy—my memory was long impaired, but I am happy to say that all my mental [illegible] have been gradually restored to me.

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CHAPTER XIV.

REMOVAL TO ST. JOSEPH.

THE next morning about eight o'clock, several of the citizens came to the jail to see us ironed and taken off. We were chained together—Gen. Dorris *kindly* furnishing the sheriff with the strongest shackles he had, for that purpose—and led out to a four-horse carriage.

We found my wife standing by the side of the carriage. She helped us in and jumped in after us. Seeing this, the jailer told her she could not ride there. She replied, "I think I can. I see no objection. I am perfectly satisfied with such conveyance as my husband and son ride in, and four horses can easily draw three passengers."

"Oh, but you can't ride there; its intended for the prisoners only."

"Well then, imagine me a prisoner till I get to St. Joe's."

The sheriff then asked her to get out. She declined as before. He turned to me and said, "Doctor, Mrs. Doy can't ride there, and we don't want to lay hands on her; won't you tell her to get out?"

"Mr. Bryant," I replied, "for my own part I much prefer that my wife should ride with us, and I have always found that when she undertakes to do a thing, she does it."

By this time quite a crowd had got round us, and on the sheriff's peremptorily ordering her out, she stood up

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and said: "Men of Platte City, when I married my husband twenty-six years ago, I promised to stick by him while he had a button to his coat, and I mean to do it. Do you think I would desert him in this extremity? If you do, you're quite mistaken, I assure you."

Thereat they all laughed, and Berge, the recreant New Yorker, who was standing among the crowd, cried out with an oath that she was a regular abolition brick. I saw the sheriff and jailer consulting together, and said to my wife, "Jane, they'll let you go; you'd better make a bargain with the driver." She did so and paid him three dollars for the trip. The sheriff shortly came up and said: "Well Mrs. Doy, as you don't seem to know what propriety is, I suppose we must let you ride, but we shall charge you ten dollars" (I think that was the sum).

"Thank you, sir," she answered, "I have paid the driver."

At which there was another laugh, but this time at the sheriff's expense.

My son had no coat; the sheriff said he should go to St. Joseph without one, as a punishment for having given his to a d——d nigger to run off with, and pinned a blanket round his shoulders, though Charles did not wish it. But when we came opposite the Court House, some in the crowd cried out that as we were national characters, it was a d——d shame that Charles should be sent away without a coat when he brought one with him, and that the sheriff ought to buy one for the honor of the town; which he at once did at a clothing store, paying therefor six dollars. Among our mounted escort of six or eight, were the sheriff and Gen. Dorris; the latter rode by the side of

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the carriage, and frequently attempted to open a conversation with me.

After a ride of seven miles we reached Weston, in the centre of which town we were kept about half an hour on exhibition to the crowd, who insulted us as usual, told us we were on our way to the penitentiary to get our deserts, and finally invited us to take a glass of grog, which we declined.

About half way to St. Joseph we stopped at a plantation, where were a great number of slaves of every shade of color, and there we were allowed to get out for dinner. My wife walked between us from the carriage to the house, to carry our chains when needed, and when at table cut our food for us. Several persons present were moved at the sight, and said that if she was a sample of the wives and mothers of Kansas the secret was out; that was the reason why Kansas was free.

Gen. Dorris, being always on the look-out for business, no doubt seized this opportunity, as well as every other that presented itself, to inquire if any of the neighbors were selling out, and we had to listen to a long conversation upon the state of the slave-market, prices of negroes, prospects of a rise, etc., etc.

At last we started again, and our advance guard took pains to notify those on the road, so that we were stared at from almost every house and shanty we passed. The roads were very bad, almost impassable—a very general feature in every slave region, and a correct indication of the effect of the peculiar institution upon internal improvements.

About dark we reached St. Joseph, and drove to the cen-

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tre of the town, to the foot of a hill, on the top of which stood the jail, an old-fashioned brick building, two stories high, in one end of which the prisoners were confined, while in the other lived the jailer and his family. The prisoners' part was in a yard, enclosed by a board fence twelve feet high The escort refused to help us up the hill or to carry my carpet-bag. After we got out of the carriage my wife was driven to a hotel, by her own directions.

At the jail we were received by the sheriff of Buchanan county, who took us to a cell or room in the second story, where he delivered us to the jailer, whose name was Brown, a native of Kentucky, and who proved to be a very humane man. I requested him to remove our irons, as they cut me, and my swollen ankles pained me very much. He looked at me a moment and then said, "I have heard a good deal about you and your Kansas boys, Doctor, and I prefer to wait for daylight; besides, the sheriff has told me not to take them off." So we had to sleep in our chains.

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CHAPTER XV.

THE TRIAL.

When morning came, we found that we were in a room with nine other persons, confined on various charges, some for murder, some for stealing, one for passing counterfeit money, two for burglary, another for selling grog without a license. None of the other prisoners were chained. They expressed sympathy for us, telling us that negro stealing was considered the worst of all crimes in Missouri, etc.

Our counsel, Messrs. Shannon, Davis, and Spratt, came in to consult, and after our chains had been removed, we were taken to the Court-house by the jailer. The road thither and the Court-house itself were crowded by persons who wanted to see the Yankee abolitionists.

Our case was the first on the docket, but owing to the absence of mayor Wood, of Weston—the Missouri gentleman of property and standing who had so freely pledged his word and honor to me, and who was the reputed owner of the slave Dick, for whose abduction from the State we were indicted—whom our counsel considered an important witness for the defence, it was adjourned until the next day, and we were sent back to jail.

The day after we were again taken to Court, and, notwithstanding mayor Wood's continued absence, the trial proceeded in my case, that being severed from my son's.

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The jury, who seemed to be fair men enough, mostly from St. Joseph, were impanneled, and I pleaded not guilty. Judge Norton was on the bench.

The witnesses for the State testified to all the details of our arrest and capture in Kansas, and to the fact of Dick's having belonged to mayor Wood, that he had been absent from home for several days, and was finally taken in my wagon without any process. The prosecution, by consent, introduced a deposition of Mr. Wood's, to the effect that Dick was worth fifteen hundred dollars; that he had given him a pass to go into Kansas with his fiddle; that Dick did not come home when the time expired; and that, when taken in my wagon, he had his clothes with him, etc.; but they failed to show that I had ever been in Missouri before I was taken there by the kidnappers; that I ever saw Dick before he came to work in Lawrence, or that I was in any way connected with his leaving his master.

On our side we proved a perfect *alibi*, by showing conclusively that I was in Lawrence and the neighborhood, engaged about my regular business, at the time when I was charged with enticing Dick to run away.

My counsel did very well, making capital speeches, while the other side, no doubt, thought theirs did the same. The counsel for the prosecution were Gen. G. M. Bassett, State or District prosecuting attorney; Col. Silas Woodson, of St. Joseph; W. H. Miller, of Platte county, and Col. John Doniphan, of Weston—rather a formidable array against one poor prisoner.

I will give two specimens of the style of oratory employed against me. Mr. Miller said:

"We stand here as the representatives of an outraged

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people. Dr. Doy belongs to a class which has a mortal hatred to every man who dares to call himself a Southron, which believes we have no property in niggers. I would select a man blindfolded in this court-room and take his testimony sooner than that of a thousand Kansas witnesses. If I were in that jury-box, and this evidence was before me, I would remain there till the worms had packed my dust, grain by grain, through the keyhole, before I would render a verdict of acquittal!"

Col. Doniphan, in closing for the prosecution, said among other things:

"Gentlemen, that I have no ill-feeling against the prisoner is proved by the fact that, when he came to Weston, and was surrounded by an infuriated mob, which threatened to hang him, I dipped in and perilled my life to save him.

* * * * * *

"Gentlemen, this is a contest between black republicanism and conservatism. A thousand dollars has been appropriated by the black republicans of Kansas, and counsel who have been entrusted with high positions, have been sent here—have come down to the contemptible work of seeking to cheat Missouri out of the fair vindication of her laws. To such a pitiful business have they come at last. If we allow ourselves thus to be influenced, what may NOT black republicans do to degrade our institutions? Allusion has been made to the sufferings of Dr. Doy's family. What may not *our* families suffer? If we allow our negroes to be stolen with impunity, our fair-skinned daughters will be reduced to performing the contemptible drudgery of the kitchen!"

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The opening portion of Col. Doniphan's speech above quoted, was peculiarly significant, from the fact that the prosecution had all along insisted that there had been no mob, and that we had been treated throughout with the utmost kindness and courtesy. *(Appendix E.)*

Judge Norton's charge was quite fair and impartial.

After all, the jury could not agree. Not having been selected with especial view to my case, and therefore not fully committed to decide it as the slaveholders and slavehunters desired, and not being terrified by the graphic picture drawn by Col. Doniphan, of the horrid results which would be sure to follow my acquittal—eleven of them, as I was informed, dared to weigh the evidence for themselves, and coming to the conclusion that the alleged crime had not been proved upon me, would not agree with the twelfth man to convict me.

The trial lasted from Thursday until Saturday night, at 9 o'clock, when the case was given to the jury, and they, after repeated attempts, being unable to agree, were finally discharged at 2 o'clock, on Sunday afternoon.

On Monday, the prosecuting attorney, having failed to convict me, entered a *nolle prosequi*—which simply means no cause of action—in my son's case, and he was liberated. I was held to bail in the sum of five thousand dollars, to appear and take my trial at the adjourned term of the Court on the 20th of June. No one but a citizen of Buchanan county would answer, and as I knew no one in Missouri, my chance of finding a bondsman was small indeed. My friends offered twenty thousand dollars in real estate in Kansas, as security for any one who would bail me. No one could be found. Any who might be inclined to help me

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were deterred by the obloquy which they would incur by rendering assistance to an abolitionist. I therefore determined to remain quietly in prison till the appointed day, and then to go through with the trial which I well knew would be a mere form, as everything would be properly cut and dried before that time.

My wife and son, with others of my family, who had come to testify at the trial, went back to Lawrence to cultivate our farm, and try to raise the money needed for the costs and expenses, which were quite heavy.*

* The expense consequent upon our being kidnapped and carried off by the chivalrous Missourians exceeded eleven hundred dollars, besides the one thousand appropriated by the Legislature of Kansas, and not including the value of the property which was stolen from me, or lost. Of course the payment of so much money, though we were assisted by friends, exhausted all our means, and my family have suffered severely in consequence.

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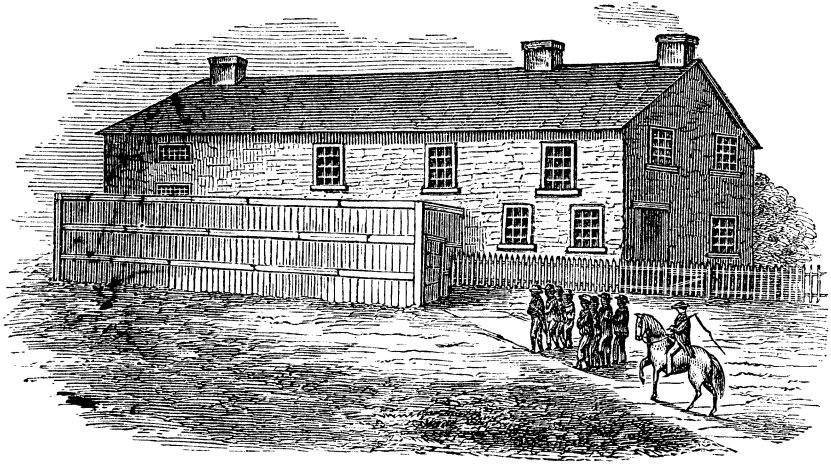

THE PRISON OF ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI, FROM WHICH DR. DOY WAS RESCUED,

And in which slaves, when purchased, are confined until a gang is made up for shipment down South.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE JAIL AT ST. JOSEPH.—FURTHER INCIDENTS OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

My situation in the jail was comparatively endurable; the room was sixteen feet square, with a small grated window at each end, through which we could look over the fence into the street, and on one side see the Kansas shore, beyond the river. It seemed a paradise after the cell at Platte City. The entrance was through two doors; the outer one of oak, the inner one an iron grating. The number of persons confined was reduced as the trials proceeded, and we had more room than at first. We had mattresses laid on the floor, with plenty of bedding. They were full of vermin in spite of all the efforts of the jailer and his wife, which were incessant, but vain, as the building swarmed with them.

To while away the tedious hours, and gratify my taste for natural history, I tried many experiments on these pests, and actually bred myriads of them in phials.

Under the room in which I was confined was another of the same size, used as a lock-up for criminals, and for slaves, who were usually put there for safe keeping when sold to the trader, and waiting for an opportunity to be sent South. The stove-pipe from that room passed through mine. Shortly after my arrival, though it was often quite cold, the stoves were removed in order to make more room

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for the great number of prisoners. This removal left a hole in the floor, through which I could communicate with those below, and see what was done there ; thus affording me an opportunity to note incidents of the slave system, quite as favorable as that I had at Platte City.

Some of those incidents I shall relate, without reference to chronological order, or the period of their occurrence, whether before or after my second trial.

I will here mention that, during a large part of my confinement at St. Joseph, I was quite ill ; so ill that two doctors were brought to attend me, and there appeared to be some fear lest I should die on their hands, and Missouri be charged with my murder. During this illness, as indeed at all other times, Mr. and Mrs. Brown were very kind to me, furnishing me with a cot and other things, which greatly contributed to my comfort and convalescence.

Slaves of all shades of color were constantly brought into the lock-up below, as above mentioned, but nothing particularly worthy of record took place from the time of the trial until the 26th of April, when my cell doors were opened and in walked a colored man, such as they call a light copper-colored negro. He walked straight up to me, holding out his hand and saying :

"How do you do, Dr. Doyle ?"

Seeing that the door of the room was filled by several persons, armed with revolvers, etc., I smelt a rat, and looking him straight in the face, answered :

"Stranger, I rather think you have made a mistake."

"Oh no," said he, "I knew you in Lawrence."

Seeing that this was an attempt to entrap me, and to connect me in some manner with the escape of a fugitive,

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I called out to those at the door to come in like men, if they wanted to ask me any questions, and not to send in a poor, crushed, down-trodden slave, in hopes to catch me tripping.

At my call, there entered a tall, bloated, red-haired individual, of the name of Hutchinson, who professed to own the poor creature. He said I had done his boy a great deal of harm by endeavoring to run off a number of slaves, that he had become dissatisfied, and had learned the way into Kansas through my means. He called me a d——d nigger-thief, as usual, etc., etc. We had some high words, in the course of which I asked him if it was not enough to kidnap, disarm, rob, and imprison me in an enemy's country, without coming in crowds to insult a sick and helpless man. At last they left, not having attained their object, and put the colored man into the lock-up under our room.

That colored man was Charles Fisher—mentioned in the earlier part of this narrative—and a more dispirited, broken-down being I never saw. I had seen him in Lawrence, where he was a barber, working for himself and family—for he had a wife and child—and earning a good livelihood, industrious, bright, cheerful, and happy.

While I was in the iron box at Platte City he was kidnapped in the neighborhood of Leavenworth, and taken to Weston. Once in Missouri, his captors thought they could make merry and be glad, so they had a carouse in triumph at their successful foray. While they were all more or less drunk, Charley, chained as he was, managed to get into a boat, and to paddle it over the Missouri to Leavenworth. There he was arrested under the fugitive-slave law, and his case made some noise. By some means he escaped, and

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letters were written to all parts of Kansas, offering a reward for him. He worked around Lawrence, however, until April, when, thinking himself no longer safe in that neighborhood, he started with three others—one of whom was poor Bill Riley, who broke out of Platte City jail while we were there, and whose wife had been sold down South, from the garret in Weston—on his way to Iowa through Nebraska.

In Nebraska they were betrayed by a miserable villain who professed to be willing to aid the oppressed, and were sent over the river in the night to Oregon jail, in Holt county, Missouri. That Judas answers to the name of H. R. Price, St. Stephen's, Nebraska Territory; and I have seen two letters written by him, asking whom he was to look to for the reward offered for these four.

A colored man, whether he be free or slave, cannot travel safely on the highway, either in Kansas or Nebraska, any more than he can in Missouri, as, besides the pro-slavery democrats who live in those Territories, the Missouri patrol is always on the alert to snatch up any colored man whenever they think they can do so with impunity.

Charley Fisher was afterwards brought to St. Joseph jail, and put into the lock-up on the lower floor, as I have already narrated. When all was quiet I sent a note, written in pencil, down through the stove-pipe hole, asking him what it all meant. He replied that he was sorry for what he had done, but could not help it; that Hutchinson had told him what to do and say. He then told me of his being kidnapped as mentioned above.

The next day a slave trader, named Wright, of whom more hereafter, came to the jail, and going into the lock-up,

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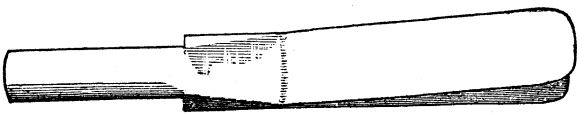
ordered Charley to strip, and when he had done so, noted all his marks, scars, etc., in his memorandum book, as usual, and then asked Charley if he was well, adding: "I'll flog you if you don't tell me the truth." Charley, apparently with reluctance, answered that he sometimes had the rheumatism.

The trader left, and on the morning after, Hutchinson, who professed to own him, came and took Charley out into the jail-yard, with the words, "D—n you; you've got the rheumatism, have you? Now I'm going to cure you."

Poor Charley said: "Mr. Wright told me that he'd flog me if I didn't tell the truth, and now you are going to flog me because I did."

Hutchinson brought a chair out of the jailer's house, laid it on the ground on its back, and made Charley strip naked and lie face downwards on the chair, with his hands hold of the top. Then, with two pieces of tin, about sixteen inches long, fastened together at one end, which was rounded into a handle,* he gave him twenty terrific blows on the back with all his might, Charley shrieking all the time and the bloated beast crying out: "Are you well now? Do you know me now?"



* This instrument (here figured) is a newly invented means of torture, much worse than the old-fashioned paddle, and better suited to the purpose for which it is intended; as, while more severe, it does not cut the skin, and though it pounds the flesh to a jelly so that the blood oozes out, no mark is left, and the blood being washed off, the slave may be sold the next day, without showing a trace of the severe punishment he has undergone, though he cannot sit or lie down.

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Stopping to breathe and to rest, Hutchinson detailed to four or five men standing by, all the trouble he had had at Leavenworth, where Charley did not or would not know him, and afterwards gave him ten strokes more, when Charley shrieked: "Oh! I do know you, Master. Oh! don't kill me by inches!" But he kept striking and Charley shrieking, till the prisoners in the room where I was, who were looking out of the grated window, called to him: "Why not shoot the man at once, instead of murdering him in that way?" Hutchinson looked up at the window and said: "If I had that sweet-scented" (which seemed to be a favorite word of his) "old Doy down here, I'd serve him out worse than this," and continued to beat his victim deliberately, until I counted fifty strokes. The men below said that the blood was oozing out of the pores of the poor fellow's skin. Poor Charley, in a condition that can be better imagined than described, was then taken in, dressed, and the next day sold and carried off down South, never to see his wife and child again.

One day a fine-looking, copper-colored man was brought into the lock-up, terribly mangled. He lay down on the bed and told his fellow-prisoners the following story, which I heard through the stove-pipe hole:

He and three white men were going through St. Joseph on their way to Pike's Peak, when Mr. Morgan, sheriff of Buchanan County, stopped them, and asked him if he had free papers. He answered, "No; I am only passing from the cars to the Kansas ferry-boat, to go over." The sheriff then told the white men that they had incurred a fine of one hundred dollars each by bringing a free colored man into the State. This frightened them, and they hurried

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across, but the sheriff kept hold of the colored man and took him to his office.

There, in the presence of four other men, he questioned him as to who he was, who owned him, etc. The colored man replied that his name was James Lisburn; that he was a free man from Ottawa, Laselle County, in the State of Illinois, where he owned eighty acres of land, and gave him the name of the postmaster and several prominent citizens there, by writing to whom he could satisfy himself of the truth of his story.

But he was told that it was all a d——d lie; that he belonged to Frank Rowlett, of Lunenburg County, in Virginia, and had run away from him eight years before. On persisting that his story was true, he was stripped, his arms held round a post, and he was beaten with a new raw hide, till he admitted everything they wished, rather than be butchered.

This poor man, whose real name was Berkeley, was very bright and intelligent, as well as good-looking, and had received some education. After being brought to the jail, mangled as he was, he cried with uplifted hands, "If this is the land of the free and the home of the brave, I pray that Almighty God will take me out of it!"

On his asking me as to what he had better do, I told him that the best advice I could give him was, if sold, as he probably would be, to jump overboard from the steamboat that took him down the river, even if he was chained to another man, and try to reach the shore—that he had better be drowned than go into life-long slavery.

Generally speaking, a colored person's word is not considered worth anything, but in this case, with the aid of

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the whip, it proved to be worth a thousand dollars and more, for, on the strength of this poor man's alleged confession, he was kept in jail from 28th April to 16th July, then sold at the auction block for ten hundred and forty-five dollars, and sent down the river in chains (*Appendix E*). Whom the money went to I do not know.

I have seen it stated in the St. Joseph papers that this story about the whipping is all a gross falsehood, but I give it as I heard it from the man's own lips. I saw his lacerated back, and firmly believe every word to be true.

Every few days we would have a fresh arrival in the shape of slaves sent in for sale, or a prisoner for trial. Wright, the trader, who lived in town, was always ready for a bargain, and would generally buy any one who was sent to be sold for a trifling fault, as was sometimes the case, but the trade was by no means so brisk as at Platte City. There they were brought in numbers, and as many as five coffles were once sent off in a week, while from St. Joseph they were shipped by twos and threes to the agents at St. Louis—one named Lynch, and the other Thompson—who kept slave-pens in that city.

One morning, as I was walking to and fro in the cell, looking out of the little grated window into the street, I saw a heap of something lying at the end of a long pile of fire-wood. As the day dawned and it grew lighter, I saw that it was a young colored fellow, about eighteen years old. From the slave that tended our room, we learned that the poor fellow had come to the jail and wanted to be put in and sold to anybody or anywhere, as he could not live any longer with the man that owned him, who beat him unmercifully for the most trifling offense. He was

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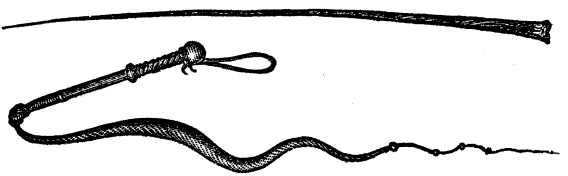
covered with scars and scabs, literally cut up, as much as a man could be and yet walk, and his neck was all skinned, where he had been hung up for a while.

When the jailer heard his story, he told him that he must go back and do the best he could, for he could not be taken into the jail without his master's orders or consent. I saw the poor fellow walk away slowly, despondingly, and, as I thought, pondering in his mind whether it was worth while to stay in this world any longer. I did not see him again, but heard, just before I left St. Joseph, that he had been found in the woods, completely deranged.



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CHAPTER XVII.

AN ATTEMPT TO BREAK JAIL.—A HARD CASE.

While I was in jail at St. Joseph, a very determined effort was made to undermine the prison wall and dig out. At that time there were four white and three colored men in the lock-up, on the lower floor. The walls were made of large logs, covered with brick inside and out, and one night they commenced operations on them with a leg of the stove, their only instrument. During that night they made considerable progress, and when day dawned, drew up one of the beds to cover the rubbish they had got out, and to hide the hole in the wall.

On the second night they continued their work, and towards day had pierced through the outside wall, so that they could see light. But the hole was too small for them to get through, and they had a large wagon load of bricks and mortar on the floor, which they could not expect to conceal. They consulted us as to what they had better do, but we knew not what to advise, thinking that they could not make the breach large enough in time to get out.

They kept on, however, working with all their might, till the jailer quietly opened the door, and told them that, as they had worked so hard, they deserved a better fate ; that their attempt was a failure, so they might as well stop, and

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he would send for a wagon to take away the rubbish. Of course they had to desist.

During the day, all was cleared away. Masons came to repair the breach, and a great many others to look on. Towards evening, the white men were taken out and heavily ironed with shackles from one foot to the other, just long enough to allow of a short step. Each man as he was taken out was asked if the niggers had had anything to do with it, and all said no ; that they themselves had done all the work. They said this to save the others, for the jailer promised that he would give a hundred lashes, well laid on, to any nigger that had a hand in it. The fact was, however, that the plan originated with the colored men, who had worked quite as hard as the whites.

About noon on the 4th of July, a tall, fine-looking, dark-colored man was brought into the lock-up. After the doors were closed, the signal was given by a punch with the broom-handle, and I went to the hole in the floor. The new arrival looked up and said that he knew me, having seen me when we were brought in to Weston, and so brutally treated—he was there with his master—and again at the hotel.

I asked why he was put into jail, and he told me that having the day—4th of July—to himself, as customary, he had engaged to cook for the trip on a steamboat that was to carry an excursion party to Belmont, a town in Kansas, about six miles up the river. He was busy at his stove, when Wright, the trader, came on board and ordered him to put on his coat, which having done, he was handcuffed and brought to the jail, but could not learn why. He said, moreover, that he had a wife and three children ; that he

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hired his time of his master, and by working hard, had saved nearly eleven hundred dollars, which his master held for him, as well as a valuable watch; that he hoped by and by to get his freedom.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, Wright came in and told the poor man he had bought him, at the same time ordering him to strip, which he did, when Wright made the usual examination, and took note of all his marks, etc. The poor fellow asked Wright to let him see his wife and children, and to give him a chance to find a friend to buy him, both of which the trader promised should be attended to on the morrow, and then left.

After Wright had gone, the poor fellow, full of faith in his promises, became rather elated at the prospect of the future. He felt sure that he could find a friend who, with something more than his own eleven hundred dollars, could buy him, while he could easily work out the balance, and when he was once free and had all his earnings to himself, he would soon free his wife and children, and they would live so happily together. He was quite joyous while telling his fellow-prisoners how nicely he should manage.

Night came on, and we all went to bed. About one o'clock I was waked up by the creaking of the ponderous door beneath, and the clanking of chains. I jumped out of bed and put my ear to the opening to hear what was the matter. Wright was there, and I heard him tell the poor fellow who had indulged in such pleasing anticipations and hopes, to "hush up" and put out his wrists. Never did I hear more agonized tones, or more piteous pleadings. When he found that there was no chance of being allowed to buy himself, he only asked to be permitted to see his wife and

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children just once more. "Oh, master Wright! You promised me! You promised me!" But the poor man was cursed and told to "hush up," and marched in chains to the steamboat bound South.

May God forgive us our sins, and not visit on the white race all the miseries they have inflicted on the black!

I was afterwards informed that this matter had been arranged between Wright and the master, who had sold his slave rather under price on condition that he should be taken South without delay, whereby he could pocket the poor man's earnings, which he had in his hands; and that this was by no means an uncommon case.

One morning our tender told me, with a peculiar look out of the corner of his eye, that poor Mr. Wright had been found murdered in his buggy by the side of the road. I asked for particulars, and he said that a year ago Mr. Wright had taken a man from a good home and sold him South, and the story was that the day before he had bought that man's brother, whose name was Green, and was taking him in his buggy to the jail, previous to sending him off also. That, feeling something hurt his foot, he had given Green his coat to carry on his lap, while he pulled off his boot and stocking to see what it was. On handling the coat Green found a pistol in the pocket, and, watching his opportunity, shot Wright through the head.

Such was the story. The next day the papers had a flaming account of the dreadful murder committed upon that well-known and highly-respected citizen, Mr. Wright, but said not a word of his occupation or profession, so that readers at a distance could form no idea of the cause which led to it. One thousand dollars reward were offered for

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the capture of the slave he had bought, and whom he was known to have taken with him in his buggy.

After about a week, the wretched wanderer was found in the woods, where he had lost his way. He had got but thirty miles from the place of the murder when taken. He was brought to the jail chained, lying in the bottom of a wagon concealed under a coverlid, lest the people should see and lynch him, and his captors thus lose the reward.

I had many talks with him, and he always insisted that he did not kill Wright, but that a white man came to the side of the buggy, called Mr. Wright a mean scamp, and shot him, and he added, "he will never buy and sell any more colored folks."

When I left St. Joseph, this man was still chained in prison awaiting his execution.

About three days after Wright's death, Milton H. Wash and Wm. M. Carter advertised in the papers that they were prepared to buy likely young negroes, and thus the good will of the lamented deceased's extensive business passed into other hands without purchase.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

MY SECOND TRIAL.—CONVICTION AND APPEAL.—FRIENDS IN NEED.

The adjourned term of the Circuit Court of Buchanan county was opened on the 20th of June, and on the second day of the term my case was called, Judge Norton being on the bench.

This time the prosecuting attorney was assisted by Col. Doniphan only, if I may except a volunteer, who shall be duly mentioned hereafter. My counsel was the same as before.

A special *venire* of twenty-eight men had been provided for the jury, and from these it was made up—only a certain number of challenges being allowed us—and the case proceeded.

The main features were the same. Mayor Wood was present, and testified that he had given the man Dick, with whose abduction I was charged, a pass to go into Kansas. Bryant, the sheriff of Platte county, had made a deposition that he took from me my journal of the trip to Holton, and this was read in Court as evidence of my being concerned in laying out the underground railroad. We proved, as before, that I had nothing to do with Dick's alleged abduction, and that I never saw him till he had been some time in Lawrence, which was the fact. But the judge charged in substance that the jury might infer guilt from circumstances;

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otherwise his decisions and instructions were fair and impartial.

The volunteer counsel for the prosecution before referred to, was the Hon. James Craig, member of the United States House of Representatives from Western Missouri. From some motive or other, I know not what, unless it were to court popularity, he made himself very busy with my case, appearing to act as messenger or errand-boy between the State prosecuting attorney and the jury. At any rate he was constantly going from one to the other, and laying down what he no doubt considered to be law to the latter. Had it not been for the malevolent spirit the whole thing indicated his earnestness in talking with one juryman and another, and shaking his finger in their faces as he urged his argument, would have been quite amusing. Such an interference would not have been allowed in any of the Northern States.

Perhaps it was owing to the cogency of the reasons adduced by the honorable member of Congress that after being out a day and a night—during which time when they went to their meals, which they did regularly, everybody who pleased had free access to them—the jury found me guilty, contrary to law and evidence, and assessed my sentence at five years' imprisonment, at hard labor, in the penitentiary. My counsel filed a bill of exceptions, and asked for an appeal to the Supreme Court, which was granted. The judge then sentenced me, agreeably to the finding of the jury, but, on demand, the execution of the sentence was suspended until the opinion of the Supreme Court could be taken.

At this time the prosecution had twelve other indict-

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ments ready for me—one for each of the other colored persons kidnapped in my company, and were prepared to take verdicts on them all; Dick's being considered a test-case—so that they expected to get me sentenced for sixty-five years; otherwise, for life.

I was then remanded to jail for thirty days. This was on the 23d or 24th of June.

During the next thirty days occurred several of the incidents which are narrated in the previous chapter.

On the 23d of July, while looking out of the little grated window towards the street, I saw a man in his shirt sleeves—apparently a working man—walking rapidly by. He scarcely gave me a glance, but that was sufficient to enable me to recognize a familiar face. Shortly afterwards, I saw another, who seemed to be a trader, sauntering along, who now and then looked furtively up at my window, and made a private sign well known to Kansas Free State men. It was Court day, and the windows of the Court House being open, I could see into it and remarked, that still a third man, who also was not a stranger to me, and who appeared to be a witness in some case, was talking with a citizen about the jail.

I told my fellow-prisoners that I had seen angels walking about, and the glimmerings of a great light that was coming. They only laughed at me. I then began to get my clothes together into bundles, and sent to Mrs. Brown, the jailer's wife, for the shirts she had washed for me, saying that the evenings were cool and I should need them. Then the prisoners began to think me in earnest, and said that they would pack up too, and if there was an earthquake, and I went out or up, they would hang on to my coat tails.

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Towards dark the outer door of the cell was opened, and a young man with a carpet bag, apparently in a great hurry to save the train, and accompanied by the jailer, came to the grated door and informed me that he had recently seen my wife and son, that they were well, and hoped to see me within two weeks. He was quite curious about the jail, looking around a good deal, and as he stood with his back close to the grated door talking with the jailer, whose attention he directed to some means of ventilation outside, I, expecting something, saw a small slip of paper in the hand which he held behind him, and took it. He shortly bade me good-by, saying that it was not so bad as he thought, but that he hoped to see me again some day or other, where I would have more room and air

After the outer door was again closed, the other prisoners, who, having had their attention excited, had carefully watched all the visitor's movements, wanted to know what the paper was. I read from it aloud: "Be ready at midnight." Then they reasoned with me upon the absurdity of any attempt to escape, and the impossibility of success.

"Think of the fool-hardiness of the thing," they said; "this jail is the strongest house in the place, and right in the heart of a city of eleven thousand inhabitants. The jailer and his family live in one end of it. Even if your friends have sufficient force to overpower the jailer and get the keys, the women or the slaves who sleep below will raise an alarm from the windows, and the result of the whole matter will be that there will be bloodshed, and your Kansas boys will all be hung for trying to rescue a a prisoner. You'd better put a stop to it before any harm is done."

"Well, boys," I answered, "this is Saturday, and on

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Monday I'm to be put into the cars or on board a steamboat, and taken in chains to the State Prison at Jefferson. Kansas has tried the magnanimity of Missouri, and whatever the State may have, Buchanan County has none. So we'll show them what Kansas boys can do in an emergency."

"But what makes you so confident?"

"The men I've seen in the street to-day, who have stood with me shoulder to shoulder in Kansas, fighting the battle of freedom, and have never flinched. They will do the thing or die."

Seeing me still so confident, some of them began to make up their bundles also, in order to be ready for whatever might turn up.

About 9 o'clock, a furious storm arose, and the rain came down in torrents. We stood by the grated window and watched the forked lightning, while the awful peals of thunder, combined with a very strong wind, seemed to shake the earth

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE RESCUE.—KANSAS AND FREEDOM.

About twelve o'clock, in the midst of the storm, as we were still watching at the grated window, we heard a loud knocking at the jail door, which we could not see, and after a while the jailer's voice from his window, asking, "Who 's there? What do you want?"

"We 're from Andrew County, and we 've got a prisoner we want to put into jail for safe keeping. Come down quick," was the answer.

"Who is he?"

"A notorious horse-thief."

"Have you got a warrant?"

"No; but it 's all right."

"I can 't take a man in without authority."

"If you don 't it 'll be too bad; for he 's a desperate character, and we 've had hard work to catch him. We 'll satisfy you in the morning that all 's right."

The jailer then went down and let them in, and—as I was afterwards told—when they were inside, said again: "I do 'nt like to take a man in without a warrant," and turning to the supposed horse-thief: "What do you say? Do you think they 'll be able to convict you?" "No, they won't," replied the thief, "to be sure they found the horse in my possession, but they can 't prove I stole him." "Well," said the jailer, "if they found the horse in your possession, I guess they 're right enough, and I 'll lock you up."

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Soon we heard steps on the stairs, and hurried into bed, dressed as we were, covering ourselves with the bedclothes.

The outside door of our cell was opened, and looking out of the corners of my eyes, without moving my head, I could see the jailer, and the horse-thief with his hands tied and held tightly by two men, while another was just visible a little behind. There was quite a parley at the door, and the horse-thief seemed to draw back. Then the jailer unlocked and opened the iron grating, and ordered him in. The thief still drew back, and said, "I won't be put in with niggers."

"Oh! we don't keep our niggers here," replied the jailer, "they 're down below."

"Have you got old Doy, the abolitionist, in here?" asked one of the men, still keeping hold of the horse-thief, and pressing forward into the door-way, as if curious to see me.

"Doctor Doy is here," answered the jailer.

"That's the man we have come for," exclaimed one. The other said, "Friend, we have deceived thee until now, but it was necessary for our purpose. We have not come to put a man into prison, but to take out of it one who is unjustly confined." At the same time, the horse-thief freed his wrists from his bonds, which were suddenly metamorphosed into a slung-shot, the ball of which he had concealed in his hand, and sprung forward.

The jailer, completely taken by surprise, tried to close the door but a ten inch revolver was pointed at his breast.

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"It's too late, Mr. Brown. If you resist or try to give an alarm, you're a dead man. The lower door is guarded, and the jail surrounded by an armed force. We 've come to take Dr. Doy home to Kansas, and we mean to do it ; so you'd best be quiet."

Then the horse-thief came to my bed, shook me by the hand, and helped me up.

As I got out of bed, the jailer said : "Gentlemen, I am in your power and must submit. I will leave it to the Doctor ;" and, addressing me : "Doctor, don 't you think you had better stay and be legally acquitted by the Supreme Court, instead of getting off in this way, and running the risk of being recaptured."

"Mr. Brown," I replied, "I was kidnapped from my home, and think myself perfectly justified in taking my liberty in any way I can. As to the Supreme Court, I won't trust any Missouri court. My papers will never get there.* Therefore, I shall go with my friends and take the risk."

By this time I was ready. I shook hands with the jailer, and said to my friends : "Boys, Mr. Brown and his family have treated me like a gentleman. He has been very kind to me, especially as compared with the Platte city jailer."

The jailer was then impressively told that a heavy guard was stationed all round the jail, who would shoot him or any one who attempted to give the alarm, or to leave the building before daylight.

The other prisoners tried to go out with us, but the jailer appealed to the magnanimity of the Kansas men, who at once warned them back with their pistols, saying : "If you have violated the laws of Missouri, you must suffer the pen-

* I was right, they have never reached the Supreme Court.

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alty. We did not come to interfere with justice, but to set right that which we knew to be wrong;" and the jailer locked the door upon them.

When we got to the lower floor, we found there a Mr. Slayback, who, having come in late by the railroad, and being unable to find his brother, a lawyer in the city, had asked the jailer for a night's lodging, and Mr. Brown said:

"Gentlemen, this thing will injure my character. Will you explain to Mr. Slayback how it was done?"

"Certainly," replied one of my rescuers. "Mr. Slayback, you will please to understand, and to inform the citizens of St. Joseph, that we came in force from Kansas to rescue Dr. Doy. We surprised and overpowered the jailer, and he should not suffer in consequence, for it would have taken a much bigger man than he to resist us."

At the jail door we were received by the others, who had been watching every window and door of the prison. When we reached the street, I fell, unable to stand, from weakness and disease, occasioned by my long confinement. Two of the men took me under the arms and bore me on. It was so dark that I could see nothing, and was obliged to ask the names of my rescuers. Unable to direct our steps aright, we kept falling into the gullies in the streets, and sometimes a flash of lightning would show us that we were running up against the houses.

At last, keeping together as well as we could, we reached the river bank, and saw that several of the saloons were still open, it being Saturday night. But, in the thick darkness, we missed the place where the boats had been left, and knew not exactly where to look for them, when two of the night police, probably hearing our voices and perceiving a number of persons together, came towards us with

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large lanterns, which they held up in the air, that they might better see what we were about.

By their light we saw our boats a little higher up the stream, hastened to them, jumped in and untied them. They were partly full of water, and some of the boys bailed it out with their hats, while others rowed. By dint of hard pulling, for the current of the Missouri is very strong there, we soon landed on the Kansas bank, which I had often gazed at longingly from the window of my cell. I was helped into a covered wagon, and laid on some hay in the bottom, when two pistol-shots were fired, as agreed upon, to give notice to our Kansas friends in St. Joseph, that I was safe and prepared to travel.

We started—some of my rescuers, who were ten in number, being on foot and some on horseback—and traveled twelve miles before we stopped to breakfast. Not only did the ladies of the house where we alighted vie in attentions to the Missouri convict, and entertain us all most hospitably, but our host himself drove me twelve miles further with his own team, and refused to accept any recompense but our hearty thanks.

I was astonished to see so many persons come out to greet us, evidently knowing what had been been intended, and only sorry that they had not been allowed to take part in the enterprise.

We were followed by a number of men a good part of the day, but felt no apprehension, as the ten were abundantly able to take care of any number that was likely to be sent after us, while friends along the road would be on hand to give notice, and help to resist any serious attempt at recapture.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, four of our men fell

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back to take account of our pursuers, when the latter disappeared and we saw them no more.

We kept on till 12 o'clock that night, and started again early the next morning, which was Monday. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon of which day, after traveling ninety miles, and being enthusiastically greeted and hospitably entertained all along the road, we reached the river opposite Lawrence, and crossed to that city of refuge.

As we entered the city a treble salute was fired, and the noble Ten were loudly cheered and welcomed, as having brought to a successful issue the boldest attempt at rescue ever planned and carried into effect, and as having effaced the stain of at least one of the insults offered to Kansas by her more powerful neighbor.

Thus, thanks to the ingenuity, the courage and perseverance of those ten noble specimens of Kansas freemen was I, though crippled and diseased by ill usage and long imprisonment, once more a free man, restored to my home, to my family and friends, and to the soil I love so well.

Here I may fittingly close my narrative, vouching for the absolute truth of every word I have written, and asking my fellow-citizens of these United States to ponder it well and to answer to their own consciences, as they must to the God of Justice, if such enormities as I have related shall continue to be practiced—if such sufferings as I have depicted shall continue to be inflicted on the helpless and the unoffending—in this our common country, which should be truly, "The land of the free and the home of the brave."

"VENGEANCE IS MINE, I WILL REPAY, SAITH THE LORD."

LAWRENCE, KANSAS TERRITORY, Oct. 1, 1859.

SEE APPENDIX F, G, AND H.

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APPENDIX.

A.

Page 15. That we did not take up arms until necessary to protect our lives, as well as our liberties, I will here cite a few cases which exhibit the character of the reign of terror then imposed upon Kansas.

In February, 1856, R. P. Brown, a true lover of liberty, was actually hewed in pieces, with a hatchet, by a Pro-Slavery mob at Easton, in consequence of which his poor wife became a maniac, and is now the inmate of an asylum, leaving their three children orphaned.

In June, Mr. Cantrell, who, though from Missouri, was a Free-State man, was taken prisoner with his wife and family; was offered his freedom if he would join the invaders, and, on his refusal, was shot down and pinned to the ground with a bayonet; his wife and family vainly pleading for his life.

Mr. Hopps, from Massachusetts, a brother-in-law of Rev. Mr. Nute, of Lawrence, was shot and scalped on the highway by a Southern man named Fugitt, who had bet a pair of boots at Leavenworth that he would bring in a Yankee scalp within two hours, and thus won his bet, carrying in the bleeding scalp in triumph on the end of his gun.

Mr. Bailey, the only man in Kansas that I know of who has purchased his land with a warrant actually received

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by himself from the Government, for personal service in the navy, was robbed of a fine pair of horses, wagon, a load of provisions, etc., by Southern men, under Col. Buford, tied to a tree, and shot at as a target. Receiving four balls in his body, he fell as dead and was so left, but the U. S. mail-coach passing shortly after, the passengers, on seeing the body, insisted on stopping, and finding that he still breathed, took him with them. He lay in bed nine months, and now carries the bullet marks on him, while he cultivates his farm to support his family.

Captains Hamilton and Brockett, of the same invading army, seized eleven Free-State men who were working in their different fields along the road-side, near the beautiful town of Moneka, in Linn County, Kansas, put them into a wagon they had also seized, and, when they reached a secluded spot, placed them and Stillwell, the driver of the wagon, in a row, and ordered their companies to fire at them, which they did, and killed most of them, leaving the rest for dead.

"Good old man, Dent," as he was called, was roused from his bed in the night by a party who pretended to wish to search his house, and, on opening the door, was shot dead.

On the morning of the battle of Osawatamie, the Rev. Martin White, a traveling preacher from Missouri, with his saddle-bags over his shoulder, and a companion, secret scouts of Gen. Reid's party, meeting Fred. Brown, old John's son, who lived near, in the street of that town, asked him if his name was Brown.

He answered, "Yes."

"A son of John Brown?"

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"Yes." And the reverend preacher shot him on the spot, inflicting a mortal wound, of which he died a few days after, in his father's arms.

Another son of John Brown had been previously wounded, and crippled for life.

That nature's nobleman, Phillips, was shot dead, and his brother's arm broken by the same volley, because he refused to obey the orders of a party of the marauders, and leave the Territory, but declared that he was an American citizen, and would live or die in his own house with his family.

The cowardly assassinations of Barber, Hoyt, Stewart, Jones, Dow, Collins, Buffam, excited general indignation at the time, and I might cite the names of a great many others, who suffered martyrdom for their devotion to the cause of freedom in Kansas, but I refrain.

The following lines, by the Quaker poet, so truly express the feelings of those of us who were present on the occasion referred to, that I cannot help introducing them; though we were ultimately compelled to act contrary to the non-resistant principles he inculcates, in order to save our own lives and those of our families.

BURIAL OF THOS. BARBER,

ONE OF THE HEROES MURDERED IN KANSAS.

Bear him, comrades, to his grave;
Never over one more brave
  Shall the prairie grasses weep,
In the ages yet to come,
When the millions in our room,
  What we sow in tears shall reap.

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Bear him up the icy hill,
With the Kansas, frozen still
As his noble heart, below,
And the land he came to till
With a freeman's thews and will,
And his poor hut roofed with snow.

One more look of that dead face,
Of his murderer's ghastly trace!
One more kiss, oh, widowed one!
Lay your left hands on his brow,
Lift your right hands up and vow
That his work shall yet be done.

Patience, friends! The eye of God
Every path by murder trod
Watches, lidless, day and night;
And the dead man in his shroud,
And his widow weeping loud,
And our hearts, are in His sight.

Every deadly threat that swells
With the roar of gambling hells,
Every brutal jest and jeer,
Every wicked thought and plan
Of the cruel heart of man,
Though but whispered, He can hear!

We in suffering, they in crime,
Wait the just award of time,
Wait the vengeance that is due;
Not in vain a heart shall break,
Not a tear for Freedom's sake
Fall unheeded: God is true.

While the flag with stars bedecked
Threatens where it should protect,
And the law shakes hands with crime,
What is left us but to wait,
Match our patience to our fate,
And abide the better time?

Patience, friends! The human heart
Everywhere shall take our part,
Everywhere for us shall pray;
On our side are nature's laws,
And God's life is in the cause
That we suffer for to-day.

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Well to suffer is divine;
Pass the watchword down the line,
  Pass the countersign: "Endure,"
Not to him who rashly dares,
But to him who nobly bears,
  Is the victor's garland sure.

Frozen earth to frozen breast,
Lay our slain one down to rest—
  Lay him down in hope and faith,
And above the broken sod,
Once again, to Freedom's God,
  Pledge ourselves for life or death.

That the state whose walls we lay,
In our blood and tears, to-day,
  Shall be free from bonds of shame,
And our goodly land untrod
By the feet of Slavery, shod
  With cursing as with flame!

Plant the Buckeye on his grave,
For the hunter of the slave
  In its shadow cannot rest;
And let martyr, mound, and tree
Be our pledge and guarantee
  Of the freedom of the West!

WHITTIER.

B.

Page 15.—I have said that "the United States government, which should have protected us, looked on applaudingly." I will add that, during our struggle, the weight of the government influence and of the U. S. troops was cast into the scale in favor of the marauders,* and that,

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* The struggle in Kansas would never have assumed the proportions it did, but for the interference of the U. S. officials and troops in favor of Slavery. The Free-State settlers were fully able to protect themselves and to fight the battle of freedom in that Territory. They would have made short work with the invaders, after they had taken up arms, had it not been for that interference. As it was, they conquered in spite of it.

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after we had prevailed, the exertions of those who had done most, or had been most prominent, against the cause of freedom, were rewarded with offices in the gift of the U. S. government. To prove that these assertions are true, I cite the following instances:

First.—After we defeated the invaders at the battle of Black Jack, June 5, 1856, and took twenty-two men and twenty-eight horses—as well as Capt. Saunders' and Capt. Henry Clay Pate's swords, with which we have cut our corn these two years—the U. S. troops took our prisoners from us and gave back the horses, although the marauders had stolen our own. And on the 19th of October, when under disadvantageous circumstances we had again beaten the invaders at Hickory Point, had compelled them to sign an agreement to leave the Territory within a specified time, and our people had marched five miles on their return to Lawrence, the U. S. troops took a large number of them prisoners, and kept them six months in a loathsome prison at Lecompton, under care of the infamous Col. Titus, whose life we had before saved. He treated them shamefully and nearly starved them all. Mr. Bowles did die of bad treatment, and all were covered with vermin and in an awfully filthy condition.

Second.—Sheriff Jones, postmaster of Westport, in Missouri, who led a mob of many thousands into the Territory on the 30th of March, 1855, to vote and make laws intended to force Slavery upon us contrary to the will of the citizens, and also headed the mob that sacked Lawrence in 1856, received an appointment as collector at a port in New Mexico.

Major Clark, another notorious leader of invaders, who

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shot Mr. Thos. Barber, formerly of Ohio, on the open prairie, is now a purser in the navy at a salary of two thousand dollars a year and pickings.

Fred. Emory, leader of the ruffians who forced all those inhabitants of Leavenworth that desired a Free-State and dared to say so, on board of steam-boats, and sent them down the Missouri River, compelling them to pay their own fare, and who also headed the mob that shot the noble Phillips, has a situation in the Land Office, at Fort Scott, in Kansas.

Jack Henderson, who was legally arrested for altering the returns of the few votes given at Delaware Crossing to some hundreds, was, after he made his escape, rewarded with the office of mail agent.

McLean, who acted with the notorious Calhoun and hid away in a candle-box the returns of votes sent to the Capitol, which votes gave the Free-State men a majority, received a situation in the Surveyor's office in Nebraska.

Secretary Woodson, who, as acting governor in the absence of Gov. Geary, issued a proclamation in Missouri to raise a militia for Kansas, and thereby caused three thousand men to invade our soil with the intent to slaughter our citizens and take our property, was made receiver at the Land Office in Kickapoo, Kansas.

And Gen. Whitefield, who brought large mobs in 1855–6 to outvote the inhabitants of Kansas and outrage the peaceful citizens, was appointed registrar in the same office.

I might greatly multiply instances in which political tools have been thus rewarded, but these are sufficient.

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C.

Page 26.—I shall naturally be accused of rashness in undertaking such an expedition under the circumstances, without a sufficient escort. The facts of the case are these: when I agreed to take charge of the colored people, it was understood between the old hero John Brown and me, that my wagons were to accompany his, he being about to start for Canada with twelve fugitives from Missouri, and we were to have a guard of ten men, which was considered sufficient to secure the safety of both parties.

Circumstances prevented the carrying out of this arrangement, and old John went in another direction, taking with him the whole of the escort, notwithstanding my earnest remonstrances. I labored with him a whole evening, and told him that one or both of us would surely regret it if he left us defenseless,* but I could not prevail. His party of colored people, being slaves who had been taken from Missouri in open defiance, were thought by him to need protection much more than mine, some of whom were known to be free-born, while the others, having free papers, had lived, some, months, some, years, in the Territory, and were not supposed to be sought for.

No course remained to me then but to back out of my agreement, or to take the risk of traveling twenty miles, unprotected, to Oscaloosa, where I could find a guard.

I chose the latter and took every precaution, by concealing the time of our intended departure, and finally starting at a very early hour in the morning, having my wagons on

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* After our capture he frequently expressed to those who were with him his regret that he had not yielded to my arguments.

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the other side of the river, to prevent any ill-disposed person from obtaining a knowledge of our movement, and giving notice to the professional kidnappers and hunters of fugitive slaves.

From the circumstances attending our capture, it was evident that there was treachery somewhere. Clough was looked upon with suspicion, having been so much less ill-treated by the Missourians than my son and I, and finally released without even an examination.

There were but two professed pro-slavery men in Lawrence, and one was such *ex officio;* I mean James Garvin, the U. S. postmaster.* Of course they had not been trusted and therefore could not have betrayed us; but, when it was known that Garvin had been one of the kidnapping party, Lawrence proved too hot for him and he was obliged to leave, resigning his office.†

Ultimately, much to the astonishment of all, suspicion was directed toward J. J. Hussey, from New Hampshire, as the traitor, and suspicion soon ripened into proof.

Poor Hussey—for he was to be pitied as well as blamed—had been a zealous Free-State man throughout our trou-

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* This man Garvin made use of his office as postmaster to open and read the letters of the Free-State men. While we lay chained in the attic at Weston, Garvin, Hurd, and others came in to jeer at us. They were all more than half drunk, and vied with one another in boasting of the share each had had in the exploit. Garvin, among other things, said: "You thought yourself d——d cute, Doctor, but I've known all about it these three weeks." He then told me that I had written such and such letters to such and such persons, five in number, which was true, and detailed the contents of the letters in question, showing that he had read them.

† After my rescue, while I still lay ill in bed, the old father of this man, Garvin, came to me to disclaim all participation in his son's misdeeds, which was not necessary, and said, "That democrat, Wood (Dr. J. N. O. P.) who married my daughter, and got James the appointment of postmaster, has ruined my family and broken my heart." The old man died three days after.

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bles, but, after the strain and excitement of the conflict had passed away, had not strength enough to remain firm. Having lost his claim, and being, like most of us, reduced almost to extremity, he listened to the wiles of the tempter and took the thirty pieces of silver.

The better to serve his masters, he professed to "sympathize greatly for the poor slave," contributed money towards the expenses of the removal, recommended Clough to drive the hired wagon, and was quite active in the matter, assisting the colored people into the wagons, etc. Thus he was enabled to betray us effectually.

When the fact became undeniable, he made a full confession in writing, to the truth of which he swore before the Clerk of the Probate Court. In that confession, he detailed all the measures taken, and means adopted, to accomplish the end in view, and confirmed my statement that I had known nothing of the fugitives before they came to Lawrence. He exonerated Clough from the charge of treachery, and said that he had recommended him because he knew he would not fight.

He also gave up all the correspondence relating to this and other similar attempts, which correspondence, with the confession, are in my possession.

As a sample of the correspondence and to show the profits which accrued to the leaders from our kidnapping, I subjoin one of the letters addressed to Hussey:

Kansas City Mar 3nd 1859

Friend Hussey

I have just received yours of the 26nd and would just say to you in relation to the purses that there was a purse rased in Western but I donot no the amount and I *think* that it was paid to Dr Garvin there

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has been no other purse raised in any place that I know of. In relation to George & Charles I cannot say what disposition was made of them but my opinion is that they have been sold. I ast Mr Robins once what he had done with them and he did not give me any knowledge of them what ever. The sixty five dollars you speak of was paid to Jack Hurd & Robins by G L Kirk in Kansas City. Jack Hurd *has not* commenced a suit against me nor any one elce of my knowledge for four hundred dollars nor any thing elce.

Now I will tell you about the money that I no they received, from John Haden & my self for six negroes including the two children $550, from Mr West for one negro woman $125 totle $675 and we paid the expences from Western, how they devided the money or what disposition they mad of it I cannot say.

I will enclose in another letter the reward and description of a negro runaway from Kansas City last week and if you ketch him your reward will be punctually paid nothing More

Yours &c

J. W. THOMPSON.

D.

Page 88.—Not only were the counsel for the prosecution strenuous in denying that there had been any mob, or ill-treatment, but one of the pro-slavery newspapers in Kansas was virtuously indignant at the charge, as will be seen below.

To show the falsity of the assertion that the humane citizens of Missouri are not wont to torture fellow-beings, I add an extract from a letter addressed to one of the Missouri papers.

KANSAS CITIZENS OUTRAGED IN MISSOURI!

"The negro-organ this morning devotes a column to the abuse of Platte County, and indulges in all sorts of threatening antics. The assertion that *Doy*, the nigger-stealer, was subjected to the indignities mentioned by the nigger-organ, is to our own mind exceedingly doubtful and hemmed in with huge improbabilities. The gentlemanly courtesy, so natural to citizens of our sister State, forbids the belief. That he was made secure against the possibility of escape, we may infer, is certain; to prevent him eluding the officers, if it became necessary, he

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may have been handcuffed—that is a common occurrence to felons; but that he was chained down in a filthy dungeon, denied sufficient food, such as jail-birds are presumed to require, his person assaulted by a rabble, and a decision rendered to *burn him at the stake*, appears to us fabulous and grossly exaggerated! The humane citizens of Missouri are not wont to *torture fellow-beings*, and the barbarous practice was suggested to our visionary cotemporary by a perusal of 'Peter Parley's Pictorial History for Children!'"—*Leavenworth Herald.*

BURNING AND HANGING OF NEGROES.

A letter to the St. Louis *Democrat*, from Marshall, Saline County, Mo., gives an account of the burning of a negro at that place, by a mob, who had been tried for the murder of a man named Hinton, and sentenced to be hanged. He was seized on his way to the jail, chained, and a quantity of wood piled around him. The account says:

"He was stripped to his waist, and barefooted. He looked the picture of despair; but there was no sympathy felt for him at the moment. Presently the fire began to surge up in flames around him, and its effects were soon made visible in the futile attempts of the poor wretch to move his feet. As the flames gathered about his limbs and body he commenced the most frantic shrieks and appeals for mercy, for death, for water! He seized his chains; they were hot, and burned the flesh off his hands. He would drop them, and catch at them again and again. Then he would repeat his cries; but all to no purpose. In a few moments he was a charred mass, bones and flesh alike burned into a powder. Many, very many of the spectators, who did not realize the full horrors of the scene until it was too late to change it, retired disgusted and sick at the sight."

E.

Extract from the Woodstock Sentinel.

PAGE 98.—THE OTTAWA RESCUE CASE.

In October last, great excitement was occasioned in Ottawa, in this State, by the attempted arrest of an alleged fugitive slave in that place. The following con-

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densed account of the affair, we take from a letter from Ottawa to the Chicago *Press and Tribune:*

The people of Ottawa, some months ago, had their feelings much aroused by the circumstance that a colored man, named Berkeley, long resident here, who in 1858 had left to go to Pike's Peak, had been arrested in Missouri while *en route*, thrown into jail in St. Joseph, and there most brutally flogged. This was during Dr. Doy's imprisonment in that institution, and he gave the details of the cruel barbarity. Berkeley was afterwards sold for jail fees, and his new owner started with him for the Southern market. He was coffled with a huge $1200 chattel, and the two managed to throw themselves off a steam-boat on the river, on the down trip, swam ashore, and Berkeley came home.

Ottawa was all aroused at his story. Republicans and Democrats very nearly alike got "excited." Even the most ardent Union-savers forgot the "American Eagle," and in the seeing of Berkeley's scarred and still unhealed back, grew indignant. When the *owner* of Berkeley came for him, such was the state of feeling here, that he was affectionately advised to leave without his nigger; and he did so.

While this state of feeling was still fresh, B. G. Roots comes up from Union County, and procures a *habeas corpus* for an alleged chattel, there in the hands of the officers to be restored to his master. Without going into the details of the law of the case, Jim was brought here, before Judge Caton. A large crowd filled the court-room and the vicinity thereof. Judge Caton held that the writ holding the man in the hands of the Federal authorities was proper, and refused to question it. He then added some remarks to the crowd, advising them to be law-abiding and orderly. Just at this juncture, at the close of the Court's address, a well-known citizen, in no other way better known than for his abolitionism, mounted a bench, and said: "All who are in favor of aiding in taking this colored man back into servitude say *Aye.*" A thundering "*Aye*" rent the room and was taken up by the crowd outside. This put a new aspect on the affair, as far as the custodians of Jim were concerned, and one of them, named Albright, publicly returned thanks to the citizens present for their expression and intention. But by some means, just then, though the room was crowded to its fullest capacity, a lane opened down through the mass in the most automatic style. It stretched between negro man Jim and the door, and some one cried: "We can't help you, nigger; *run* and help yourself." As if shot out of a gun, away went Jim for the door, the crowd *closing in after him*, to pursue him of course. Every one knows how awkward is a crowd in a hurry to leave a hall. They push and shoulder one another, but make little progress. So the people of Ottawa, in their Court-house, didn't get out as fast as they might have done had they been fewer;

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and it was noticeable that, in the rush to get out, the officers got out last. The nigger Jim had got far away from the house by a carriage left at the door by somebody.

F.

Page 115.—Extract from *St. Joseph's Weekly West*, a pro-slavery paper:

DOY AND HIS RESCUERS.

A young man, who came into Elwood Sunday evening last, states that he met Doy and his party at Cottonwood Spring, about ten miles out, that morning. Doy was in a wagon with nine other men. There were also three men on horseback, making twelve in all besides Doy. The young man had met two wagons beyond the Spring, with several men in each; who, as he was told, belonged to the same party.

The men with Doy had stopped to take breakfast, and the young man who brought the information had a conversation with them. They told him all about what had occurred, and stated particularly the manner in which they had effected the escape. They said that they had quite a strong party, and that they had men posted at convenient points all the way from the river to the jail; that, to avoid pursuit, they took, or thought they had taken, every skiff from this side of the river.

Doy seemed to be quite unwell, and low-spirited; which, the party stated, required them to travel very slowly. It was the intention evidently to take Doy to his home, but it is not likely he will remain there.

We think it entirely possible that Doy may be retaken. It will be seen by an advertisement in our paper to-day, that Sheriff Morgan offers a reward of $1000 for his rearrest. This is highly commendable in our sheriff, and may effect the object.

We think it highly important also to learn who the men were that made the rescue. Some of their names no doubt can be ascertained, and, if so, steps will probably be taken to have them punished for the crime.

G.

Page 115.—The following copy of a handbill will give no doubt, a true description of two at least, of that class who are said to be unable to take care of themselves, and "to have no rights that a white man is bound to respect."

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